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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Perhaps the aptest description of the finance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which the House has been discussing this week, may be sought for in the speech which Lord Stanley made in 1834 on the Irish Tithe Bill. Stanley likened the Government proposals to the operations of a thimble-rigger; and he predicted that in the end the Church property would be found to have disappeared altogether like the pea. And that, we always expect uneasily, is just what will happen with the money with which the Government profess to be paying off debt.

Our doubts about the Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay Budget by no means grow less. The more indeed one considers the matter the more uncomfortable one feels. The spectacle of the Chancellor of the Exchequer shouting "Hurra! Hurra!" and congratulating us all about the wonderful, wonderful luck we are in for, and the splendid, splendid prosperity of everything and everybody, and the hundreds of millions of pounds that we are going to spend and so on and so on—this spectacle strikes us more and more as one of levity and rashness. We believe the whole performance to be perilous and demoralising.

When all has been said about other great political questions of the day, the truth remains that this financial question is after all the most important of all. We ought to put by not only against rainy days but against reckless days which Radical finance and Radical vote-catching have now simply made part of our national system of politics. As it is, next to nothing is put by against the evil times which are sure to come, despite the "incorrigible optimists" of finance.

We fear that about the last thing which kills in politics nowadays is ridicule. It certainly does not

kill a tax, or the land taxes, the whole of the Domesday-cum-Limehouse policy of the Government would be stone dead. Mr. Bonar Law excruciated the House of Commons on Tuesday with his quotation from one of Mr. Lloyd George's articles about land taxes, Dreadnoughts and old-age pensions. The article appears in "The People's Budget" by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Price 1s.); and the particular tit-bit runs as follows: "Even in the case of the Dreadnoughts which you are laying down this year, the real expense will be next year, so that when the revenue comes in from the land taxes next year it will be used just as much for Dreadnoughts as for old-age pensions."

Now what is this revenue which is going to build the Dreadnoughts and pay the old-age pensions? Mr. Bonar Law amidst loud laughter was able to set side by side the exact result according to Treasury figures together with Mr. Lloyd George's own estimate. For 1910-11 Mr. Lloyd George estimated the yield at £490,000. It turned out to be £2800. It was on that estimate that he based his famous Dreadnought and old-age pension remark. That, as Mr. Bonar Law neatly said, is extracting sunbeams from cucumbers with a vengeance!

But absurd as is this figure of £2800 for Dreadnoughts and Old Age Pensions—old age pensions which were to cost six million pounds and actually cost thirteen million pounds—it is not the most humiliating the Government has to face. In three years the new land taxes between them have produced £220,000; and to collect this £220,000 has cost the nation £1,393,000! Has there ever been anything like it in the whole history of taxation?

One of the best speeches on the Plural Voting Bill was Mr. Harry Lawson's. It was bold, honest, and logical. As he said, to take away this vote is simply to disfranchise in many constituencies the most intelligent class. We have yet to meet the man of judgment who seriously denies that the plural voter is on the whole more intelligent than the average man in the street. The plural voter is as a rule an educated man and a member of—to use

rather an odious term—the “propertied” class: whereas a very large number of single voters are, frankly, not educated at all—in Ireland they cannot always even write their name—and have not any political intelligence to speak of.

The wittiest thing in the debate was Mr. Bonar Law's: “You are trying”, he told the Government, “to pack the jury before you go to trial”. There you have the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. There is nobody in the House of Commons with Mr. Bonar Law's power of phrase, terse and telling. But the reason why his phrases tell so is not merely because they are neat and precise and without a waste word: it is mainly, we believe, because there is behind them one and all the momentum of simple truth.

The Bill is essentially a disfranchising measure, and we hope and believe that the House of Lords will reject it without ceremony—as they rejected one of its predecessors. We shall look forward to seeing it well trounced and ridiculed by the best intellects in that House, including Lord S. Aldwyn and Lord Courtney. It is a nasty little one-sided thing contrived by caucus and machine and boss, which are threatening to become all-powerful in England as they are in America.

We must say that Mr. Churchill's anger at the Marconi Inquiry on Monday was natural and excusable. We have no doubt that he was in what is called “a towering passion”, and it seems to us he was justified in laying about him lustily. Really it was unnecessary to bring in his name on the strength of some rubbishy rumour or other, and it was unnecessary to send for him in red-hot haste as if his reputation and the reputation of mankind generally were at stake. Of course the Committee meant well. Alas! so many of the mistakes of life seem to be made by people meaning well.

We like too the impatient, tremendously direct way in which Mr. Churchill declared he had never dealt in a share in any Marconi Company in “the habitable globe”. *O si sic omnes!* But unluckily not everyone in the Government can lay his hand on his heart—or bring it down with a bang on the table—and declare as Mr. Churchill was able to declare! If they could, why, there never would have been a Marconi Committee.

We agree on the whole that it is time to end the Marconi Inquiry. Party interest or imagined party interest may suggest now to Unionists that it is well for the Inquiry to go on, now to Radicals—it depends which side appears to be “scoring” at the time. But national interest and dignity demand that the thing shall now close. Searching for highly illusive needles in extremely problematical bundles of hay is not good business.

Sir Stuart Samuel has squeezed in at Whitechapel by 166 votes. Next comes Newmarket. This is a very important election, and there is no doubt that if the Radicals keep the seat it will be a serious blow to Unionism. But there is a great chance of the Government losing, which will check and shake them severely, for Newmarket is mainly agricultural—quite an “index” constituency in a way. It will tell what the farm workers and farmers think of the Government just now.

Mr. F. E. Smith for a fighting speech on the eve of the poll is the candidate's ideal. His speech at Whitechapel gained votes. Mr. Smith has energy. He is of the temper to rise to enthusiasm and stay there. The astonishing thing about him is not his prodigious output of words, spoken and written. There are fifty men who can cover as much time and paper as he—speakers and writers lacking in what the philosophers call powers of inhibition. The astonishing thing about Mr. F. E. Smith is that, though he

speaks and writes so much, he keeps his driving power with hearers and readers. His performance is not merely mechanical: it is dynamic.

Mr. Masterman has broken down through overstrain. It is a common, a far too common, experience among really hard intellectual workers to-day outside as well as inside politics. We hope that he will soon recover, for Mr. Masterman is a keen and enthusiastic worker who does not spare himself. We can all sympathise with him, however much we may dislike his politics.

Any number of people have serious complaints from every possible standpoint to make about the administration of the Insurance Act. The only two people who seem satisfied with it are, strange to say, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman. When Colonel Chaloner or Mr. Locker-Lampson or Mr. Ward in the Budget debate on Wednesday told of people who could get no choice of doctors, who found that the best medical diagnoses and appliances and drugs were not for insured persons, and that the £1,500,000 for sanatoria has not yet been applied to that purpose, Mr. Masterman asks indignantly why they don't help to work the Act instead of carping at it. What else can they do? They are not administering the Act. They say they want to improve it. Don't Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman want the same?

A body with the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Speaker for presidents, with Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Rosebery for vice-presidents, has dignity, even if it had no use; but the Empire Parliamentary Association is to be useful in quite a homely and practical fashion. It would make our visitors from the Colonies welcome and comfortable when they arrive in London; and would itself get knowledge and understanding of their people and institutions. Mr. Balfour lifted the intentions of this Society high in a speech on the wider patriotism of Empire. The patriotism of Empire requires imagination and a mental grasp that overlooks “small and inevitable differences”. This body will do a great deal of quiet good work. It has very happily an immediate opportunity in an invitation cordially accepted to visit the Commonwealth Parliament in Australia.

Mr. McKenna in the mantle of Thomas Wentworth!—it is a surprising apparition; but occurs quite naturally as one thinks of Wednesday's raiding of the suffragettes. Headquarters are seized; papers and books impounded; telephones captured (a modern touch); the colours abased; and the whole staff conveyed by *lettre de cachet* to the bastille in Bow Street. It is indeed “thorough”. Printers, moreover, are warned that they print “literature” of the Women's Social and Political Union at their risk and peril. Subscribers to the funds are warned that they may subscribe themselves into a “very awkward position”. Speakers who feel moved to comfort, aid, or abet their imprisoned leaders are told to beware of authority.

Mrs. Sanders' “I will say nothing” recalls honest Iago:

“Demand me nothing: what you know, you know;  
From this time forth I never will speak word”.

What does the Government know? The prisoners were arrested on a charge of conspiracy to damage the property of tradesmen; but it seems as if the police had a suspicion that more than window-breaking was toward. Mr. Bodkin told the Court on Wednesday that, serious as the charge was on which the prisoners had been arrested, “other charges of a more serious nature might have to be preferred when the papers now in the possession of the police had been examined”.

The Government has struck at the heart of the militant conspiracy. The W.S.P.U. has one by one shed all its moderate supporters. All sense of proportion

and restraint went out of it when Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence left it to the unchecked devices of the Pankhurst family. It is to-day the head and front of the actively malicious group that has made the suffragette a peril and a nuisance. People who never think about politics till they are being taxed or hustled actively wish to see this nuisance and this peril abated. It is the real strength of the Government that even in stretching the law it has with it the sense of law-abiding people. Whether these women have been arrested purely on the merits of their past offences, or from a suspicion of something worse to follow, the public will gladly see the law stretched or even strengthened, if thereby the Government is able to proceed.

Since Miss Annie Kenney appeared at Bow Street on the application to bind her over to good behaviour she has been arrested in the raid on the "Suffragette" office. But we should like the curious point taken on her behalf there not to be lost sight of in the confusion. For about six hundred years magistrates have been binding over persons "not of good fame" to keep the peace. They do it under a Statute of Edward III., which is in Norman-French. Mr. Muir or somebody has found out that a clerk inserted the "not" in a manuscript which has been used instead of the Parliament Roll. An examination of the Parliament Roll shows this. What is the effect when an Act of Parliament has been turned topsy-turvy for more than half a millennium?

The truth is out about Scutari. The Montenegrins did not capture it, though at first they pretended they did, and it is only half the truth to say that it surrendered. It was given up as a part of a bargain. Essad Pasha, the Turkish Commander, aims at becoming King of Albania, and Scutari is the price of Montenegrin acquiescence. The Pasha's claim cannot be ignored. It is backed by a considerable army with artillery—the man himself is an Albanian with strong local following. On the face of it he is better fitted for the post than some German princeling nominated by Austria. On the other hand, his hands are not clean. It is generally believed that he attained the command by murdering his superior, and it is uncertain how far his troops are really loyal. Better a stranger than a man whose appointment would provoke a rising. In any case the Albanians are a hard people to govern, and their King will have a difficult time of it.

But for the present the Albanian settlement must wait, though we shall certainly hear plenty of it hereafter. The immediate difficulty is King Nicholas. Europe has decreed that Scutari must be Albanian, but the Montenegrins are in the town and refuse to budge in spite of the European blockade and even of Russian displeasure. Of course Europe cannot be defied indefinitely—its peace matters far more than the pride of a midget State. But if the Montenegrins are stiff-necked, who is to bring them to reason? Austria is ready enough, but Austria will not be able to act alone. Her Albanian interests give Italy an excuse for joint intervention. That would mean an Italian occupation of Avlona, such as Austria is anxious to avoid. Avlona is believed to be a first-class harbour, and if it became an Italian base the Austrian fleet might find itself bottled in the Upper Adriatic.

Happily Vienna keeps cool. The Emperor is not the man to be rushed, and Europe should be thankful for his patience. It has been announced that Austria holds herself free to enforce the execution of an arrangement approved by Europe. But first she will see what the other Powers will do. She will protect her own interests, but has no desire to force the issue by taking matters into her own hands. All this shows a decent regard for Russian susceptibilities, but clearly there is no room for delay. Austrian pride has been touched, and if she is once compelled to act at all she may act very vigorously. The best thing would be for Mon-

tenegro to see reason; best not only for Montenegro but for Albania too. There would not be much vitality in a State created by an international army of occupation, and an Albania which turned out a second Persia would be worse than the old Turkish rule.

Bombs have exploded in Lisbon; the peril of the Republic has been proclaimed; conspirators arrested. The President will thus be rid of persons inconvenient to his Government. These squabbles of the Portuguese Republicans mean that some Republicans are satisfied; and that some are not. We may wonder perhaps how long this sort of thing can go on; but it is not history.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in vain desires to be informed as to England's standard in aircraft. The Government is silent, because the Government knows there is no standard at all. Germany has twenty-four airships and 420 aeroplanes. England has two airships and 110 aeroplanes. France is even better off than Germany. We wonder why the Government has provided aeroplanes at all. Either the fourth arm is to be decisively important in the next big war, or it is not. If the aeroplane, like the first cannon, is going to be more dangerous to the men who use it than the men who oppose it, why not keep upon solid earth and let the enemy seek destruction in their own way? If, on the other hand, aeroplanes are a really good weapon, what precisely is the point of opposing 420 with 110?

In Convocation at Oxford the secularist statutes met with the fate they deserved. By a majority of two to one it was decided that the examiners in the Honour School of Theology must still be Christians, by an even greater majority that Buddhists and Hindus should not be eligible for Divinity Degrees. The reforming dons are loud in their complaints. Why should eight hundred outsiders override their sovereign decrees? By voting on Tuesday members of Convocation were not only exercising a right to which they have an unquestioned title; they were carrying out a duty which they were very well qualified to perform. The question was simple and direct: Shall Oxford continue its corporate recognition of Christianity or shall it not?

The secularists did not expect so big a house; certainly no provision was made for the great assembly. Worse arrangements could not be imagined. When they saw the numbers they knew that their game was up. No wonder then that their two spokesmen, the Dean of Christchurch and the Warden of Keble, made so poor a show. Their supporters comforted themselves by abusing Convocation. As a fact, resident Oxford was proved out of touch of Oxford *fuori le mura*. Most conspicuously out of touch were the ecclesiastical professors. In spite of their excuses there is no reason why a new school and degree of scientific theology should not be founded. Let them devote themselves, if they think change necessary, to organising it; they will be better employed than in giving their names and authority to the cause of secularism. No one can object to a new doctorate of theology.

Mr. Justice Darling's obiter dicta always draw attention. There was a very striking one in one of the libel cases heard last week, about Benvenuto Cellini, artist, swaggerer and bully, who said in his memoirs that he obtained a pardon from Clement VII. for all past and present "omicidi" the Italian says. Mr. Justice Darling told the jury in his chatty way that it was for murders. Mr. W. S. Lilly traverses this in the "Times" of this week, but his literary lordship maintains his point and cites in addition Pope Paul III., about whom a still more celebrated anecdote is related in connexion with Cellini. The correspondence is interesting and may widen out. It is not usual for Judges to write letters to newspapers on subjects

arising out of cases they have tried, but this occasion is, as the Judge says, one of literature or morals merely.

Bankers take a good deal of trouble urging their customers to examine their pass-books. They will tell you, not quite disinterestedly, that it is at your own risk if mistakes are made, and you had an opportunity of examining the book, and have sent it back without discovering them. But in fact this is rather doubtful. In a case heard by Mr. Justice Channell the other day he said the authorities are rather against the notion that there is a duty on the part of the customer to examine his pass-book. Still it is just as well to assume that the Banks are right. You may find your banker insisting that you have had your pass-book, and that he is determined to rake up those "authorities" and show they are against you and not himself.

On Saturday last was published the interim Report of the Royal Commission on the delay in the Courts. The Government has at once put down a Resolution to carry it into effect. Mr. Asquith had said previously that this Report urging the appointment of an additional judge for the King's Bench Division would be adopted he believed by the necessary Resolution of the House of Commons without serious opposition. Everyone is agreed that the position which has arisen from the piling up of arrears is scandalous.

This interim Report could not really be resisted seriously. Whatever views may be held about reforming this or abolishing that in connexion with the Courts, the fact remains that there is no scheme nor practical proposal ready to be put forward and advocated and carried. In the meantime actual business in the Courts accumulates monstrously. The Appellate Jurisdiction Bill for two additional Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, salaried at £6000 each, who are to sit in the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee, will be through soon; so that the Government has a rich treat in store for lawyers.

When the Lord Mayor announces that Cowper did much to enrich and elevate the English language and literature, we have to pause and try to revise our estimate of the tendencies of eighteenth-century poetry. The Lord Mayor is right; but probably nine-tenths of the people who sing Cowper in church do not connect the author of the hymns with their vague recollections of precious verses learnt in the nursery, while the other tenth endeavour to recall whether it was Southey who wrote Cowper's "Life" or vice versa. For, though Cowper has a "Society", yet is he in some ways a less striking figure than some of the great seventeenth-century poets who have not. We have no Campion Society, no Marvell Society, no Donne Society.

The Cowper devotees, whose forward wing has so long been led into skirmishes by Mr. Thomas Wright of Olney, are nevertheless inspired to activity. Through the services of the late proprietor of the "City Press", Cowper's house at Olney was acquired for the public; and now it is proposed to raise two thousand pounds to restore it and make it a museum of relics, on the analogy of Shakespeare's "Birthplace". We hope the Cowper Society may succeed in raising the money. We particularly admire the courage of a society which appeals to-day on behalf of an eighteenth-century exquisite.

The lowering of the price of the "Times" is now effective, and we hope that neither the quality of the paper nor the quality of the contents will suffer; there is no sign of this so far. The "Times" is a great journal, something indeed of an institution, conducted on the whole with dignity and restraint; whilst the power and use of it to the country during crises abroad, and in foreign policies generally, are a kind of national asset. May it mew, like the eagle, its mighty youth!

#### "THE SNEAKS BILL" AGAIN.

WHEN Mr. Harry Lawson in the debate on Wednesday declared that he was not ashamed to defend the plural vote on its merits, he was cheered by some members of the Opposition with a little Tory backbone. He was perfectly right, and we are glad he found even a little support on the Front Opposition Bench. We deny that the so-called plural vote—which is an invidious name for quite a good thing—is an anomaly at all. On the contrary, a citizen's right to vote wherever he is taxed, provided he possesses the legal qualification, is as clear a constitutional privilege as anything in the Bill of Rights. Redress of grievances, for example, must precede taxation. Quite so; but how is a man to get the grievances of, say, Southampton redressed if he is prevented from voting in Southampton because he happens to have a house or office in London? What was the whole case of the American colonies against the Mother Country in the eighteenth century? Simply this, that taxes were laid on them by the British House of Commons, in which they were not represented. It is nonsense to say that a man who has a qualification in both London and Southampton can protect his interest in both by his vote in either. Suppose that he elects to vote in London (under the Government Bill), and that Southampton is threatened with him by the closing of a dockyard, near which he owns property. Having had no voice in the election of the member for Southampton, he has no right of access to him, and no means of influencing his conduct in Parliament. Or suppose that, having chosen to vote in Southampton, a proposal is made to remove the Parliament or the Bank of England to Birmingham. This may ruin his London property, but as a Southampton elector he is powerless in the matter. He could not attend a meeting of London electors to protest, nor could he form one of a deputation to request Sir Frederick Banbury to vote against the Bill. The sooner we face the elemental question the better: has property any rights? If yea, is it not the special function of the Conservative party to assert those rights, even if it should be unable at the moment to protect them?

The number of plural voters is not large; it is about one-sixteenth of the electorate; but owing to our system of single-member constituencies, with the non-transferable vote, it is able to secure several seats for the Conservative party. In the City of London, and in the large commercial cities of the provinces, Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, without the plural voter the representation would fall into the hands of the caretakers. Is it seriously contended that the members for these cities, the centres of our world-wide commerce, should be chosen by the porters and lift-men and housekeepers? We have often pointed out in the columns of this Review the danger of throwing 58 per cent. of the taxation on to the shoulders of one-thirtieth of the adult population, namely, the million persons who pay income-tax and death duties. The danger is much increased if this handful of property owners are to be deprived of one of the few weapons of defence left to them. To trample on a prostrate enemy is not generally accounted a generous or even a civilised action. The million property owners, who contribute more than half the national revenue, are quite powerless at present; they lie prone and disarmed at the feet of the Radical party, who are being urged "to do them in" once for all, urged, we mean, by their Government and their newspapers. Was there ever a shabbier or more cowardly policy? Burke used to say that the two things which had saved England were "the spirit of religion and the spirit of a gentleman". The spirit of religion is to-day represented by the Disestablishment Bill, and the spirit of a gentleman by the Bill to abolish the property vote. This aspect of the Government policy was handled by Mr. F. E. Smith with the sarcastic rhetoric of which he is a past master. Let us be honest for once, cooed Mr. Smith in his most winning tones, and let the Minister admit that this is simply a Bill

to disfranchise 500,000 persons, of whom it is calculated that four-fifths are Conservatives! Very effective, too, was the modest irony with which he dealt with the proposition that one man's vote is as good as another's. Nothing could have been better than the contrast between the citizen who by brains and industry wins property and position and the feeble, insolent parasite, who can neither feed, clothe, nor educate his children, nor get himself a house, but who comes at every period of his life to the State for assistance. Sir William Bull started an analogy to which we wish politicians and the public would pay more attention. In the management of joint-stock companies the voting is by shares, not by noses. The owner of a thousand shares has a hundred times as many votes as the holder of ten shares, and no one questions the justice or expediency of the arrangement, except now and then an agitator who is trying to bully his way on to the Board. But if one shareholder's vote were as good as another's the results would be unthinkable. The widow in the country, the speculative spinster, the clergyman on the hunt for 10 per cent., the clerk with a salary of £100 a year, the wrecker with his eye on fees, would decide complicated questions of commercial and financial policy, and would make a clean sweep of directors who did not declare swingeing dividends. And yet a system of voting which everybody admits would be ruinous to business is thought quite good enough for the government of the Empire. Are then the problems of government less important or less difficult than the problems of joint-stock company management? Why is the Cattamaroo Mining Company entitled to a wise system of plural voting which is denied to Great Britain? But the Cattamaroo Mining Company would be ruined by one man one vote! And will not the British Empire be ruined by one man one vote? We are inclined to think that it will; and the promise of the Government that they will before the next General Election introduce a measure to enfranchise the yea and nay of general ignorance, so far from consoling us, merely increases our uneasiness.

#### A FURTHER WORD TO RADICALS.

**D**URDLES warned Sapsea against boasting. It is a bad habit, he said, which will grow on you. A Durdles or two, if possible within their own ranks, is very much needed to warn the Sapseas of the Radical party just now against boasting. The Radical Sapseas, who have been for a long while going about too big with pride and talk about their avoidance of the City and its "good things" and company promotion and the Stock Exchange and so forth, have been quite shown up by the evidence at the Marconi Inquiry; we mentioned this last week—and it would be well if Unionist speakers dwelt on this lesson of the Marconi Inquiry in platform speeches all over the country; rubbed it in with a little cayenne pepper rather than sweet oil. The average elector probably does not mind Radical M.P.s and candidates having, enjoying, and carefully keeping and investing, money. He does not mind their having various goods and chattels. On the contrary he probably rather admires these things in a man on his own side. It is human nature, and not at all bad human nature, that he should. But when it is made quite clear to him that these same Radical M.P.s and candidates with a powerful Press at their backs go about affecting to hold aloof as much as possible from such carnal and objectionable things as money and shares and much property, and upbraiding "selfish Tories" and "idle rich" and "Dukes" and "smart society" for caring too much for them—then, we believe, the average elector will feel much dissatisfied. Therefore the true lesson of this business ought to be well taught throughout the country.

But this little human weakness about money and property is not the only one of a section of the Radical party at present. It has another very marked weakness—that of talking in a big way about liberty, whilst all the time it is full of oppressions for those

who do not follow it and vote for it. Let us give a few examples of its tyranny—rather petty tyranny perhaps, tyranny often by pen-prick, yet not the less odious for that to those it afflicts. Tyranny number one is in the House of Commons. It does not lay a hard hand on the person or property of men there, but it is the tyranny which from time immemorial has always been regarded as about the most hateful and dangerous of all—it is continually, nay continuously, forbidding them to speak. Liberty of speech is very nearly dying in the House of Commons. No doubt by their action Tories as well as Radicals in past times are answerable in some degree for this; but it is the Radicals who are finally doing the deed outright; it is they who seem resolved to kill free speech if the Tories in past times have somewhat scotched it. And the point is that the traditional policy, the great historical principle of the Radical and Liberal party has been free speech, always free speech! and the point is that the Sapseas of the party even to-day go about boasting their love of liberty!

For tyranny number two let us take the punitive Domesday Survey and the illegal threats of the famous "Form Four" which have certainly scared a good many small owners of land and cottages out of the Government party. Then there is the lick-the-stamp order so openly rejoiced in, we all remember, by a member of the Government; and there are the added severities of the income-tax form and the increased threats of investigation and prompt punishment and so forth. No doubt the women franchise party will at this point exclaim that we are leaving out the worst tyranny of all, the "Cat and Mouse Bill"—which, to judge by the way the women and the Government are quarrelling, might still better have been called the Cat and Dog Bill. We do not wish, however, to accuse the Radical Party unfairly. Order must be kept, and people must not be allowed to defeat justice by starving themselves. The Government had to do something; though, as it happens, the method they chose seems extraordinarily awkward for a party which professes love of liberty. However, we pass this measure by: the Government—if largely through their own shilly-shally—have certainly been placed in a very hard position by the hunger-strikers.

But the worst tyranny of all of course is the proposed coercion of Ulster. That is not a petty tyranny at all. It is really, or should be, impossible for anyone who hates oppression, for anyone who believes for a moment in the sentiment of freedom or liberty, to excuse for the moment the attitude of the Radicals towards Ulster. Where the other acts we have spoken of are offences, more or less petty and aggravating, this is in the nature of a crime against a people nothing if not highspirited, independent, and industrious, and we are perfectly certain that a large number of people in the Radical party hate the thing and are in their hearts utterly ashamed of it.

For look at the thing how we may, there really does not appear to be a single decent, a single entirely honest excuse, for tearing away Ulster from English rule which beyond the faintest doubt in the world Ulster does desire to live under, and putting her in the hands of Nationalism, under which she passionately desires not to be. It is not a decent excuse to urge that Nationalist Ireland ardently desires and is entitled to have Home Rule. Grant she does desire and is entitled, that if anything simply strengthens the moral right of Ulster—which is not Nationalist Ireland and is utterly alien from it—equally to have her desire and live under the rule she asks for. It is not an honest excuse to say that though Nationalist Ireland is an entity, is a nationality, and so has a right to Home Rule, Ulster Ireland is not one, and therefore has no right to separate treatment: on the contrary it is a false and dishonest excuse, because we all know absolutely well that as a fact Ulster is a perfectly distinct and distinctive section within Ireland, and has at least as much right to declare under what form of government it will choose to live as any other part of the United Kingdom. Once adopt the principle of Home Rule, and it follows that Ulster must decide for herself whether she will

go in with Nationalist Ireland, or carry on her own affairs, or remain with Great Britain.

The excuse that there is a large minority in Ulster which wants to go with Nationalist Ireland is not more decent or honest than the others, because the very people who urge it are preparing to coerce that minority in Ireland outside Ulster which vehemently objects to going in with the Nationalists. Finally, as a last resort, the Radicals who want to find some sort of excuse or apology for the coercion of Ulster proclaim that they will give—safeguards! We wonder was there ever a really crafty tyrant who did not offer safeguards to the people he was designing to coerce? The complete tyrant should never dispense with safeguards. Safeguards should answer to the slaver with which the snake covers the victim ere swallowing it.

Many wicked, harsh things have been done in the name of liberty. The patriot and noble woman Madame Roland in its name was guillotined, and the innocent and lovely Princess de Lamballe was slaughtered at a human shambles; and even to-day they are doing atrocious things in the name of liberty in Portugal, imprisoning without trial and withholding from justice hapless men and women. But this plan to wrench Ulster away from its allegiance to Great Britain, and to coerce it into Nationalist Home Rule, is one of the most amazing lapses of all from common justice and the idea of civilised rule. It is so cold-blooded. It is so calculating. It is so obviously done for the sake of appeasing the very people whom Ulster dislikes and distrusts. If Radicalism insists on coercing Ulster, it will really have to remove one word off its banners: whether equality and fraternity stay or not, liberty must go.

#### THE EUROPEAN DANGER.

IN this crisis the journalists would do well to keep silent. What is there that they can say? An English commentator may amuse himself by offering solutions that suit his ideas of political symmetry. But then it is not his quarrel. There is nothing to choose between an Albanian and a Montenegrin Scutari as far as British interests in the Mediterranean are concerned. Austrian and Russian journalists again can declare the principles of Austrian and Russian policy and indicate the limits within which each country must keep. But assertion of principles suggests suspicion that they are endangered and talk about limits only hampers negotiation. It is at the next stage, when some definite step has been taken to solve the crisis, that comment may appropriately be made. Just now we can only note that matters are serious. For the first time since October it seems probable that a Great Power will be compelled to assert itself, and when one Great Power moves another is generally forced to a countermove. In face of this situation two questions present themselves. The first is, Could it have been avoided? The second, Have we hit upon the best method of dealing with it?

Without crying over spilt milk, we may regret that the Powers' decision about the Northern Albanian frontier was not reached earlier. The Ambassadors' Conference has kept Europe quiet under conditions which would have excused excitement. But Europe is quiet no longer and though it would be an exaggeration to say that its peace was in the gravest peril, it is true that the smallest of its States has been able to cause general anxiety. That is not as it should be, nor as it would have been if the decision about Scutari had been reached when the armistice was signed. This raises the second question. Has the diplomatic method failed? Should we have been better off if declarations in half-a-dozen Parliaments had been substituted for confidential talks round a table in the Foreign Office? The question goes deep. Nothing matters so much as the method of conducting foreign policy. It is not true to say that diplomatists make peace or war. Diplomatists are rarely free agents. But they do make the conditions out of which peace or war naturally springs; and there are some who hold that

they thus do infinite mischief. Most of us have been bored by the tub-thumper insisting that the diplomatists create the suspicions which find expression in armaments which in their turn lead to war. There is no commoner rhetorical fraud than the promise of a golden age in which the peoples of the world shall dwell together in harmony when once the gang of interested mischief-makers has been swept away. And it is always assumed that the first step will have been taken when the practice of diplomatic secrecy has been broken and international questions are debated with the freedom that marks our parliamentary discussions of domestic affairs. Well, here is a test-case. The diplomatists have not avoided a crisis and they have still to show that they can solve it. What would the demagogues have done? To the demagogue there are no difficulties about foreign policy. Every problem is to be dealt with by the persistent application of certain catchwords—justice, liberty, and so on. What the demagogue fails to realise is that the same catchword can be applied to opposite things. Any sophist could prove it just for Scutari to become either Montenegrin or Albanian. He has only to base himself on the doctrine that every nation feels its own policy to be just, as indeed it is—for that nation. But the demagogue never faces this issue, which is at the bottom of every international crisis in history. Instead he declares that such confusion as exists is due to ministers and soldiers and contractors and other persons with ambitions to serve or axes to grind. If only the peoples could speak, says the demagogue!

No more preposterous political fallacy was ever current than this doctrine that a people can only speak through the medium of an elected Parliament. National instinct always asserts itself, sometimes through the existing political mechanism, sometimes in spite of it. Bismarck made Germany not simply because he was a great man but because he had the national instinct for unity behind him. But he had Parliament against him all through the most critical period of his constructive work. Austria now possesses a multitude of Parliaments, but none of them was responsible for the annexation of Bosnia. Nevertheless that was a national movement and the men who carried it through were strong because they had the nation behind them. It is the same now. The present opposition between Austria and Russia lies deep in the hearts of the two peoples, and to attribute it to the jealousies of individuals in high places is to give grotesquely excessive significance to the outward marks of power. But suppose that these individuals had themselves read and accepted Rousseau and were prepared to apply the latest democratic doctrines. Then we should have had a turbulent autumn. The trouble would have begun with the convocation of the Russian Duma. Somebody, a peasant deputy maybe, would have read out the very indiscreet proclamation with which King Ferdinand began the war. The cry that Christians must be freed from Moslem oppressors would have been taken up. Speaker after speaker would have insisted that this was the divinely appointed task of the Slav peoples, and millions of Slavs would have agreed. There would have been talk of armed aid to the Balkan States and the partial mobilisation which actually took place would have become an active forward movement. In Vienna things would have got equally out of hand. Vienna, said Napoleon, has always a policy, and that policy, we may add, came into being on the day that the Turk was driven back from the walls of the capital. Ever since then Austria has regarded the territory between the Danube and the Mediterranean as peculiarly her sphere. She is the dominant power in those regions and they provide the field for her expansion. The Austro-Russian opposition, one of the most permanent facts in politics, would in fact have been asserted in its most pointed form and he would have been a great man who could then have controlled the march of events.

We can go further. At this moment there is one conspicuous difficulty in the way of a settlement. It

is the declaration made by Sir Edward Grey to the British Parliament, the one democratic utterance delivered throughout the crisis. Sir Edward Grey told the world that the Albanian settlement was reached just in time to preserve the peace of Europe. Observe how this declaration fetters both the Great Powers primarily concerned. On the one hand Austria must secure the evacuation of Scutari or forfeit all claim to respect. On the other Russia cannot tolerate any extreme measure of coercion against Montenegro. It is just this position which has produced the crisis. If only there were more room for the give and take of diplomatic bargaining the situation would become immediately easier. It does not follow from all this that not a word about foreign policy should ever be spoken by a public man. On the contrary Foreign Ministers would do well to publish papers whenever opportunity arises, and it will generally arise as soon as a difficulty has been satisfactorily overcome. In that way the public mind would become alive to the practical obstacles in the way of a policy whose principles are clear enough and would understand what the diplomatists exactly do. But what we maintain is that in every crisis the principles assert themselves. No British statesman, for example, need lay down the necessity of maintaining the independence of Belgium. The thing is a platitude and its assertion is an indirect accusation against another Power. The diplomatists take principles for granted, not from an exaggerated respect for one another, but simply because they understand that there are national instincts in the world and that it is their business to give all those instincts proper play. Could we read a report of the Ambassadors' Conference we should probably be surprised how little was said. Declarations of a kind that rouse the cheers of the mob were out of the question before a body working wholly in the narrow field where negotiation is still possible. Even that field is only kept open because secrecy has been maintained. Once a nation has given definite expression to its policy and has translated an ideal into geographical terms there can be no drawing back. Diplomatists exist for the purpose of preventing the tracing of hard and fast lines. That is why their craft has elaborated the jargon at which the demagogue is wont to sneer. But Europe owes its peace to that jargon. It is elastic and can be stretched so as to bind things apparently incompatible. But the elastic loses its resiliency in the daylight. That is why we must wait and hold our tongues during the anxious days that are before us. Every patriot, whatever his nation, must wish that he saw more clearly just how things stand, but every patriot must also realise that calm acceptance of ignorance is one of the tests of patriotism. The general lines are clear. Inside them the diplomatists may manœuvre and seek for a means of accommodation. The process is trying and demands much patience from everybody, but there is no other way.

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S "VERY SMALL PART".

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was engaged during the Budget debates in the ungenial task of explaining away the failure of his original "People's Budget". The expectation that this great piece of Radical legislation would alike banish poverty and illustrate the inexhaustible resources of Free Trade has been dismally disappointed. Some of the taxes have, of course, been remunerative; taxation of capital usually is remunerative. But the land taxes, the crown of the 1909 Budget and its peculiar glory, have been a complete failure. It is hard now to realise the pathetic confidence which the rank and file of the Liberal party placed in these egregious proposals. They really believed that they were going to do all that Mr. Lloyd George led his followers to expect. These taxes were to "give the land to the people", to alleviate poverty, to inaugurate the social revolution. The result is pitiable disillusionment. This year again, in spite of the desperate attempts of the Treasury to apply the screw by methods

which have merited judicial condemnation, the land taxes have failed to yield even a half of the Chancellor's modest estimate. The cost of collection is still more than double the return from the taxes. There does not seem to be any reasonable prospect of the yield of the tax ever paying the salaries of the officials who are appointed to collect it. This monstrous scandal is defended by the very party which has constantly asserted the sacred doctrine of taxation for revenue purposes only. It is held to be a heinous crime to stimulate employment at home by taxing the products of foreign competitors; but it is an excellent thing to squander thousands of pounds upon official salaries in order to collect a tax which paralyses industry without relieving revenue. The vaunted resources of Free Trade finance are shown to be rigidly confined to confiscating capital and spending it as income. No party has ever been led by a trusted leader into a position of more hopeless embarrassment. There is indeed some evidence to show that the electoral methods of the last election were due to something worse than merely reckless ignorance. Stung by the jeers of the Opposition, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in debate made a most astonishing admission. He called the taxes, in support of which the Peers were reviled and the "Land Song" composed, a "very small part" of his Budget, and said that he was never so foolish as to expect to raise money from them at first.

If this really represents the state of Mr. Lloyd George's mind in 1909 the methods which he subsequently employed at the election change from mere misrepresentation to something like deliberate fraud. Mr. Lloyd George certainly told the country in his own book that money would be available in 1910 from the land taxes for Dreadnoughts and old age pensions. Now he informs us with amazing cynicism that at the time when he made that pledge he knew perfectly well that it could not be fulfilled. When Mr. Lloyd George comes next time to the country the electors will be more slow to credit his glib assurances. It is not only that he has raised expectations which he is not able to satisfy: it is not only that he has squandered upon officials the revenue which might have been applied to a useful purpose. The gravamen of the case against the Chancellor is that in his efforts to alleviate social evils he has actually intensified them. The rich have been harassed by the demands of the tax collectors, but many of the poor have suffered more severely. By the admission of the Government themselves the present appalling shortage of houses for the working classes is directly due to the reckless mismanagement of Mr. Lloyd George. As a result of the introduction of the land taxes and the unscrupulous campaign of vilification which accompanied them, the number of cottages built in this country fell from 87,000 in 1908 to 10,000 in 1909. Even now the number has not reached the figure which prevailed before the Budget, though in consequence of the natural growth of the population it should have exceeded it. The direct result of these taxes upon the housing question was therefore to create an immediate shortage of nearly 80,000 houses and a growing deficit of seven to ten thousand every year. The experts tell us that the provision of a hundred or a hundred and twenty thousand houses would relieve the most severe cases of congestion in the country. We have therefore to realise that nearly three-quarters of the housing problem to-day is a direct consequence of the imposition of the land taxes, coupled with a very rational fear of another land campaign. We are not surprised to hear that the promised speech upon the allied questions of land and housing has again been postponed by Mr. Lloyd George. His colleagues in the Cabinet are probably beginning to realise something of the enormous and irreparable damage that was inflicted by the famous Budget campaign. There are many families in fetid and insanitary cottages to-day who have bitter cause to curse the attempt to "give the land to the people". There are many who are suffering permanent injury to body and soul through the blind and wicked recklessness of an irresponsible Minister.

The vanity of Mr. George and the arrogance of Mr. Burns ensure that the Government will neither recognise the cause of the mischief nor seek to amend it. The lesson must not be forgotten by those who are genuine social reformers. By themselves the land taxes are more farcical than tragic. They represent a financial operation as profitable as that of the gentleman in "Gulliver's Travels" who was quoted by Mr. Bonar Law. Extracting sunbeams from cucumbers is not a more hopeless task than an attempt to derive revenue from the taxes which represent Mr. Lloyd George's one original contribution to English finance. But the affair has its more serious aspect. The valuation which is being conducted at such vast expense is one of ridiculous unfairness, and is therefore almost useless for the purpose for which it is designed. But it is succeeding in keeping up the spirit of uneasiness which is paralysing trade and checking its useful expansion. The consequence is that unemployment is increasing in a trade in which employment is at the best of times necessarily uncertain. The building of small houses is suspended since the builder can see no certainty of receiving a legitimate profit for his outlay. The result has been to produce grave social disorganisation, and it is the duty of the Unionist party to make clear to the electors upon whom rests the burden of responsibility for this disaster. It is a worse case even than the destruction of Sir A. Boscawen's Housing Bill this week by the Government. The Radicals did not win the counties upon the land-tax cry; they concentrated upon it in the towns. We hope that every member and candidate who has to speak in an industrial area will take the trouble to point out to his audience the consequences of Mr. Lloyd George's stupendous folly. Our opponents are trying to make the people forget the land-tax farce, but we should see that they are not allowed to succeed. The British elector does not like to feel that he has been "had" by a politician, and the gross deception which was practised over these taxes will alienate many voters from the Liberal party. But every point of the kind requires to be well "rubbed in", or its significance may escape those whose minds are necessarily engaged with other matters. If we attack the weak points of our opponents we shall find that we have less time and inclination to criticise our friends. Mr. Bonar Law gave a splendid fighting lead to the party in the House of Commons, and all that is required is for his followers to back him up in the country.

#### THE CITY.

ONCE again the Stock markets have had a good shake out. The report that Austria intended to take independent action against Montenegro was a signal for general liquidation. The Continental bourses started by throwing out all securities that enjoy an international market, and other stocks declined in sympathy. For a time there was no support in any market, and prices tumbled in a rather alarming fashion. The actual amount of liquidation was not so great as the decline in prices might have suggested, and as soon as there was opportunity for calmer reasoning a recovery set in.

The effect of the week's experience is to emphasise the undesirability of running large speculative accounts while the anxiety in regard to the Balkans exists. Holders of investment securities can afford to ignore these temporary spasms of weakness, and may find in them opportunity of picking up bargains; but speculators, unless they are prepared to meet temporary losses of a sudden and serious character, should keep their commitments low.

The stocks which suffer most when the alarm is sounded are those which have an international following. Canadian Pacifics, for example, although intrinsically a good holding, fell ten points this week before they found effective support. Rio Tintos, Amalgamated Coppers, Steel Common and Peruvian Corporation stocks were also subject to acute depression simply

because they are favoured speculative counters in more than one financial centre. These stocks are all political barometers, and are as certain to rise when confidence revives as they are to fall on any unfavourable news.

High-class investment securities have not been so much affected by political uncertainties, although they are indirectly influenced by monetary conditions, which in turn are partly governed by political events. The decline in Consols is mainly attributable to the unfavourable reception given to recent new issues and to the preparations that are being made for other important loans. Next week the Brazilian Government issue of £11,000,000 will be made, and eventually the £25,000,000 Chinese loan will come before the public. It is essential that both these operations should be carried out successfully, and the preparations that need to be made for the absorption of £36,000,000 of securities are of an important character and cannot be effected without some disturbance in the market; and there are many other financial transactions of lesser magnitude which represent a huge amount when considered in the aggregate. These new issues preclude the possibility of any prolonged advance in the quotations of investment securities as a whole, even in the best political circumstances.

Home Rails have been depressed by surrounding conditions, and may be expected to recover if trade continues good and if the weather favours passenger traffic. As regards Mexican Rails, the political outlook in the Republic has caused some misgivings. Americans are beset by fears of dividend reductions and by fuller recognition of the damage suffered by several railroads during the recent floods. The steady increase in wages bills, without any adequate compensation in traffics, is another serious consideration for Wall Street. At present no appreciable recovery is anticipated, unless the big speculative plungers decide to inaugurate a bull movement.

A very interesting statement was made by Lord Balfour of Burleigh at the meeting of the San Paulo Railway Company. He confirmed the news that the Farquhar group had abandoned their negotiations with the company, and referred to the possibility of an offer being received from another quarter—presumably the Brazilian Government—to purchase the line. He also indicated that fresh capital may be required to provide facilities for increasing traffic by extensions of the present railway system. This, together with a warning that there may be a temporary increase in the ratio of working expenses during the current year, was responsible for a sharp decline in the quotations for the ordinary stock. A statement issued by Mr. Knox Little, the Vice-President of the Brazil Railway, gives reason for believing that the decline in the securities of that company has about run its course.

Some fairly substantial losses have occurred in Mining shares, which may be regained as soon as the Balkan outlook becomes more settled. The steadiness of the price of rubber provides hope that the depression in the share market will shortly be relieved. As regards Oil shares, sales from the Continent have put prices down, but the market has a firm undertone. Generally speaking, the course of prices depends almost entirely on the Balkan situation.

#### PUTUMAYO.

BY THOMAS WHIFFEN F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I.

#### II.—THE PEOPLE.

"PIA"—it is our custom. That one word summarises life for the Indian of the Amazon Forests. Set in the restricted environment of impenetrable bush, in the gloom of overshadowing and overwhelming vegetable growths, the human habitants of these wilds have been cut off from all that makes toward progress for untold ages. On first acquaintance it might almost seem as though they were slowly sinking to decay, drowned in conditions that make inevitably for ethnic degeneration. Yet upon closer

study, more intimate knowledge of their life, their customs, their beliefs, such hasty deductions give way to the conviction that the tribes of forest Indians are not the scattered remnants of some forgotten race fallen from an erstwhile high estate. "Pia"—our custom—contradicts in itself such a possibility, forbids any suggestion that lingering memories of lost greatness serve to increase their mental gloom in a remembrance, sadder than all else, of a happier past. If theirs is an attitude devoid of all hope, it is due not to despair at a merciless fate, but to ignorance of any better alternative.

In the ceaseless struggle to exist at all under such conditions as obtain in the bush, life can only be tolerable in the known and tried pathways of a strict and undeviating rule. To relax the tension is to weaken the defence. The Indian has neither the initiative nor the imagination to grapple with and wrest a different fate from out his situation. He accepts it. Life is a strenuous business of kill or be killed. So it always has been, so it continues to be. Man must fight the forest for space to live, for light, for air. Should he relax his efforts, the forest will engulf his puny personality, sweep on, and close down over him. He stands at war with his world; fearing the known; in abject terror of the unknown. Good to him is no active principle; it is merely a quiescent state of non-badness. According to his belief the supreme Good Spirit and all lesser good spirits are entirely negative. They are not bad. Only the Bad Spirit and his myrmidons act, and act always inimically. For protection, for such immunity from ill as may be secured, he can rely solely on the magic of his tribal medicine man. He cannot affect, nor in any way influence, the good spirits. Neither good nor bad are to be placated with prayers or moved by sacrifices, so none are offered. Only the witch doctor's magic may checkmate the evil, though it cannot compel the good. And the need for something to arrest mischievous influences is unceasing and great, for spirits, mainly evil, are everywhere, in all things, animate and inanimate alike, so that spiritual terrors exceed even material dangers.

It follows that life for the Indian must be ordered after the most approved methods for countering magical ill. This precaution colours everything. Before birth the mother, and after birth the father, of the newly born must submit to certain tabu, lest evil befall their offspring. So through all his days the Indian has to go carefully attentive in order that he may not by transgression or heedless neglect of recognised safeguards draw on himself and his comrades unparalleled disaster. Equally are the daily occupations of the sexes determined and divided by the iron law—"Pia". It is for the men to hunt, to fish, to fight, and to do the heavier but more intermittent work of clearing and breaking up the ground for the plantations. These duties fulfilled, they may pass their day lolling at ease in their hammocks, drinking, and licking tobacco. The tribes in this district do not smoke. But for the women there is no cessation of toil. Besides the care of the younger children, theirs are all the lighter tasks, yet those tasks are never ending. They plait the palm fibre, thread it into ligatures, and knot it into hammocks. They are the potters as well as the cooks, and to them it falls also to plant, and trim, and wage endless war with encroaching weeds and tangling creepers, to protect and raise the crop of manioc, which is the main tribal food supply. The women, too, must prepare the cassava from the heavy tuberous root, for no man will cook or prepare any food whatever. Consequently a man is helpless without his woman, and dependent on the tribal supply, the hot-pot prepared by the chief's women, or else on his own parents for the necessities of life until he reaches a marriageable age and secures a wife.

These nomads of the forest are divided into numerous groups, speaking languages as distinct from each other as are the physical characteristics of the speakers. Each group is subdivided into tribes, living apart and solitary; every tribe with its own large tribal house—or houses—under its own absolutely

independent chief. There is nothing to unite these tribes for any common purpose, or under any one leader. Each tribe is complete in itself and entirely irresponsible even to the other tribes of the same language group. All within a household are held to be blood relatives, and, with the possible exception of a chief's daughter—should he have no son to succeed him—inter-marriage between any of them is very strictly forbidden. A man must seek his bride elsewhere, of necessity in some friendly tribe, but the choice is otherwise a matter that concerns only the two people principally affected. There is no parental interference or arrangement in Amazonian matrimonial affairs. The man usually will seek a wife considerably younger than himself, and leave her upbringing in the hands of the women of his own household. Again with the possible exception of the chief, each Indian has but one wife. He is, after his fashion, a kind though a very jealous husband. Yet here again we find the negative quality of goodness, for he is kind in that he is not actively unkind. Sentiment and chivalry are unknown, and quite incomprehensible to the Indian. Still the absence of sentiment does not necessarily argue lack of affection. The Indian parents, fathers and mothers, evince a great fondness for their children. Indeed, the Indian is a distinctly indulgent parent, especially with a man-child, for the boy is the future warrior, and therefore an asset of considerable tribal value. For in Amazonia the individual is nothing, the tribe is everything. The interests of the one are not subordinate to the other, they are simply non-existent apart. Therefore an injury done to the individual is an injury done, as a rule, to the tribe. A man's death is the concern not only of his own immediate family, but of the entire tribal household; and as the possibility of death from natural causes is incomprehensible to the Indian mind, any death whatsoever is regarded as the direct and definite act of a material enemy, seeking to bring evil by some magic-working on the tribe. Hence when an Indian dies it becomes the business of the tribal medicine-man to discover the foe who has sent the Spirit that slew, the malignant influence that caused the death. Sickness of any sort, in Indian belief, is caused by hostile magic, like any other catastrophe, from a broken pot to a thunderstorm.

The outcome of this is a mental atmosphere heavy not only with fear, but with suspicion. An endless war with Nature, isolated, jealous, distrustful, it is not surprising to find that intertribal warfare is more the rule than the exception. But it is never aggressive warfare. The country, the people, their lethal weapons, all make for the secret attack, the ambushade rather than the open onslaught. The Indian kills as a matter of personal insurance, but above everything else he kills for revenge, never for conquest. Nor does his vengeance stay at the killing; he will further degrade the dead. The anthropophagous feast follows the fight. To understand his attitude on this point rightly it must be remembered that the Indian's hatred of the brute creation is so extreme that avoidance of any likeness to the beasts is a definite rule of life. Twins will not both be suffered to live, for only the beasts have more than one at a birth. Hair must be depilated, for the hairy pelt appertains to the animal and therefore is to be assiduously avoided by man, except, curiously enough, by the medicine-man, and the hairier he is the better. To treat a dead enemy as a dead animal, to eat him, is therefore the supreme insult.

The cannibal feast and dance is the most gruesome and bizarre of all the Indian festivals. Feasting and dancing with less horrible accompaniments are the great social events in Amazonia. When the notes of the great "manguare", the signal drum, echoes out the invitation, the tribesmen gather from miles around. The forest belles paint the most elaborate designs upon their dusky skins, while the men don their very wonderful feather headdresses and ruffles. Thus splendidly caparisoned they gather around the chief on the

dancing space in the centre of the great "maloka",\* and sing the songs ordained for the occasion. "Pia". They are the songs their forefathers sang, the songs which it is correct to sing, though the words no longer convey any meaning to the singers. For language among these tribes is a thing that custom has not made permanent. All goes, indeed, to make for the contrary, where writing is unknown, and the mothers of the household come from communities speaking perhaps other and diverse tongues. Yet even this is "Pia"—our custom.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THERE probably is no reason for going beyond mere precedent to explain the dullness of this year's Academy. A rumour, doubtless circulated by foreigners or people with short memories, suggested that the Royal Academy strike was responsible; that owing to the porters' refusal to carry away rejected pictures, as many of these pictures (not porters) as could be were hung. Though the mosaic-like aspect of the walls countenances this explanation I do not think there is really anything in it. Without definite proof it would be grossly unjust to say that the rejected pictures were not better than most of those accepted; and equally tedious Academies have been known in years when the porters bore off the slaughtered without complaint.

It is lamentable and serious that when the King, or his advisers, makes a great effort to redeem the condition of his annual portraits he is met by sheer ill-luck. This year, acting on the admirable plan of employing a better painter than the old proved failures he no doubt inquired who really is a first-class man. Someone suggested Mr. Lavery, probably certifying that he is in quite a different class from that occupied by the regular Court painters; whether or no Mr. Lavery is the best man shall not engage us. At any rate he was commissioned to paint the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary; the result is No. 170 in Room III. It is more discouraging than at first appears, for the King cannot be blamed if on the next occasion he refuses to depart from the ills he knows and is heir to, for the sake of untried first-class men who "let you down" like this. It seems to me that as a picture Mr. Llewellyn's "H.M. the Queen", No. 205, is preferable to Mr. Lavery's No. 170; for whereas it is consistently bad, No. 170 is neither one thing nor the other. No. 205 coheres as a typical Victorian-Edwardian-Georgian Court portrait; toneless, waxy and incomparably fitted for a fire insurance almanac; No. 170 is patchy and distraught, the work of a much better painter whose nerve failed him in a trying moment. For brilliant assurance and spontaneity on the other hand, Mr. Lavery's "Japanese Switzerland" (a stupid title), No. 693, is one of the good things in the exhibition.

Perhaps one would not ask of an Academy or Salon a level of noble inspiration. But is it exigent to require sincerity of observation, thoughtful interpretation and a truer taste than that developed in ordinary lay people? For after all artists ought to have some "pull" over the rest of us and be in a position to show forth undreamed things or at least a quality of truth unseen save by their aid. Approached thus on the ground of truth and taste how many of the portraits prominently hung stand criticism? Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Mrs. Shutterworth"; Mr. J. Shannon's "Miss Henderson"; Sir Luke Fildes' "Mrs. Whitburn"—picked at random as representing a large school, is it conceivable that they really satisfy their sitters? Do people, merely as a question of taste and character interpretation (ignoring inner criticism of craftsmanship), really wish to see themselves like this, too perfectly inanimate to breathe, too sweet, too marvellously pink and white

to live? And if they recognise that such portraits do not represent what they and their dearest friends see do they believe that this is the genuine licence of idealism; would they prefer to be so doll-like, so like the heroines of popular romance? A fair experience on the contrary suggests that they are secretly dismayed by portraits of this school, but suppose, in a mystified way, that that is because they "do not understand art". I often think that if they were guided by their sense of humour and private taste patrons would effectively reform the art of portraiture.

People approach subject pictures in a similar special spirit; I mean that they will tolerate pictorially what in "real life" they could not stand, because they think a different standard is tacitly postulated. Little simpering coquettish children (e.g. No. 857), whom in real life one would immediately assassinate, in pictures are regarded as delightful; girls and young men who would be unhesitatingly exposed as common, insipid and theatrical if encountered at a garden-party, are accepted on canvas as nymphs, heroes and allegorical spirits. Mr. W. E. G. Solomon, who was once fatally "promising" as a Royal Academy student, furnishes an excellent illustration in his "Call of the World", No. 562. Again ignoring questions of bad drawing, laboured pigment and feeble design and tackling works of this sort on everyday ground, who could be impressed? What quality of thoughtful conception, what creative originality is behind this picture of a young man kneeling in the limelight by a cross and sticking out an arm at a few boringly respectable young women, one of them thrumming on the harp? If the world, flesh and devil are as mild and pallid as these genteel misses surely their seductive power has been shamefully exaggerated. And yet are not artists the accredited high priests of imagination? Or again, if Venice is really like Mr. David Murray's Nos. 399, 405 and 907, Turner, Guardi and Whistler are expensive frauds and three-colour picture post-cards are the next best things to Mr. Murray's vision. We cannot wonder that an Academy peopled by art of this restrictive nature is unstimulating.

But by peering into corners and up on high one can compile a list of pictures that express truth and personality. Not perhaps profound and revolutionary truths nor imagination of rare fire, but still something to go on with. A portrait of real perception and easily the best in the Academy is Mrs. Swynnerton's "Peter Lawson". The sympathy and high sincerity of this ambitious work carry off whatever defects there are in the drawing of the boy's white cob. It is a fine portrait conceived in a large airy mood, and establishes Mrs. Swynnerton with the rare artists who can interpret youth. The artistic advisers of the Royal family, instead of repenting and relapsing might approach this painter for the next portraits of the Princes and Princess. On a less ambitious scale is Miss Walton's "Margery", a little portrait well seen and admirably designed. Another sincere piece of characterisation is Mr. Orchardson's "Thomas Allison", No. 495; another Mr. Birley's No. 453, above which hangs a curious exhibition of what Mr. Gerald Kelly's indiscretion will permit. Of the older generation of portrait painters Sir Hubert Herkomer makes by far the best show; his "Lord Morley" and "Dr. Hertz" are thoroughly sound and honest. Mr. Orpen's "Portrait" if rather deliberately arresting is certainly vital. And though in a measure obvious yet it has a sort of stimulating accent, as of some challenging and elusive meaning.

Mr. Abdo's little landscape, No. 713, has the precious quality of conviction; it convinces one that he really saw and was moved by Nature, whereas most of the landscapes look as if their authors worked by heart, mumbling an ancient formula; in its sensitive perception and individual sense of arrangement this is a pleasing and fresh picture. Mr. Clausen's "Houses at the back" is an instance of the true artist's vision that, revealing content, enlarges our general consciousness of beauty. Miss Hilda Fearon's No. 354 strikes

\* Tribal house.

one at once as truly seen, as does Mr. O. Bowen's "On a Dutch Farm". At this point, if indeed no earlier, an Academy article may perhaps be excused if it degenerates into a desultory catalogue. As for example:—Mr. Sims' No. 5 is a great improvement on his usual misty manner, though, owing to its small and sectional conception it does not make as much show as we might expect from the variety and inventiveness displayed; Mr. Hacker's portrait of "Sir Arthur Liberty" is too suggestive of the well-known Liberty "Art Shades" to be quite satisfactory; Mr. Hope Joseph's red lantern in No. 553 nearly ruins a picture of unusual qualities. Mr. R. Jack's "The Toast" and Mr. Bundy's thoroughly slipshod commonplace illustration, No. 575, are the sort of pictures doomed to Chantrey purchase; Mr. De la Bere's "1812" is an admirable dramatic illustration, and Mr. A. Barnes' "Interior" though weak in content makes a good show by reason of its emphasised design. Finally Mr. Campbell Mitchell's No. 328, Mr. Arnesby Brown's distant landscape in No. 370 and Mr. Sargent's "Hospital at Granada" are good examples of their respective styles and skill.

The sculpture section is not very interesting; but Mr. R. Garbe's "Adolescence" and "Children of Destiny"; Mr. W. R. Dick's "Femina Victrix", Mr. A. Turner's "Psyche" and Mr. R. P. Baker's "A. J. Leslie Esq." demand this brief immediate mention if only as preface to a future article.

### "TYPHOON."

By JOHN PALMER.

THIS play has been too long neglected. I can only plead in justification that the discovery of Mr. Forbes-Robertson has quite upset the even tenour of my critical way. Readers must forgive me. If there be any among them who like myself are now seeing Mr. Forbes-Robertson for the first time, they will understand.

I intended to visit "Typhoon" from the moment I learned that Mr. Laurence Irving was intimately concerned with the introduction of Mr. Melchior Lengyel's play to the English public. It is high time Mr. Laurence Irving had some part of his due. During the short period in which I have followed the progress of English drama he is quite literally the only producer of plays who has never been associated with a play that had not some positive value. Mr. Irving's reward, so far, has been a recognition by the critics and the public ludicrously disproportionate to his services and gifts. This is precisely as it should be; and in years to come Mr. Irving will reap his reward, as Mr. Granville Barker is at present reaping his, in exaggerated eulogy as irrelevant and as stereotyped as were the phrases in which he was formerly neglected.

Mr. Lengyel's play, introduced at the Haymarket in Mr. Irving's English translation—one of the most admirable translations of a foreign play I have yet encountered—is the sort of play English authors will be writing and English producers producing in 1950. Let me explain. Modern English drama of 1913 is the drama of little people worried with little things; the drama of small interiors; of personal fortunes and personal caprice; of the rights of these individuals or those to be what it pleases them to call themselves; of the resisted or unresisted claims of passion in relation to no fixed ideal; of the impulse of this person or that to commit adultery, to peculate, to deal in slum property, to be noble and good according to the latest system of ethical values imported from Russia or Scandinavia. In the great spiritual revival of the next few years—do not smile; for the signs and tokens are everywhere—this little drama will be swept away; and great drama will again be possible. The first necessity of great drama is an audience for whom ideals are fixed and sacred; for great drama arises only when highest passion of the individual is in conflict with highest laws of the Commonwealth. There can be no such conflict when highest laws of the Com-

monwealth are in revolution, when its moral values are disturbed and indeterminate. There can be no great drama of marriage when men are disputing whether the laws of marriage are good or bad. There can be no great drama at a time when duty and inclination can find a via media out of almost every situation. S. George killing the dragon is great drama. S. George wondering whether he ought to kill the dragon, speculating whether it would not be better for himself and everyone else if he were to allow the dragon to kill him, is drama of 1913. Tarquin and Lucrece is great drama; Lucrece wondering whether it is really her part to resist Tarquin is not drama at all.

Mr. Lengyel's play is a play of ideals in the sense that S. George killing the dragon is a play of ideals. His Japanese hero placed between the call of his people and the call of his flesh is an unfamiliar figure upon the English stage to-day. But he is none the less a figure that waits upon the threshold; which will enter and possess the empty stage when the chattering crowd have passed; when the free English theatre, again in touch with English literature and life, has burst into an amazing mid-twentieth century career of dramatic splendour. Mr. Lengyel for this hero of the future has had to go to the East and to bring him into touch with twentieth-century Europe to make the conflict between simple duty and simple passion acceptable for a Western audience. In another twenty years it will not be necessary for an Hungarian author to bring together Tokio and Paris, or for an English producer to translate an Hungarian play, before he can restore to an English stage the universal theme of which all great drama is a variation.

"Typhoon" is by no means a perfect play. Its value for us is in the thing attempted; in scenes, such as the scene in the last act between the Japanese hero and a finished European specimen of twentieth-century decadence, where the author has tried to handle contrasts and big dramatic ideas which no living English author would dream of approaching. To get an idea of what Mr. Lengyel has almost successfully done, you must imagine an author with Mr. Zangwill's megalomaniac tendency for a big theme, but without Mr. Zangwill's imaginative sterility, technical incompetence, and perpetual unerring descent into the commonplace. Mr. Lengyel—heaven be praised!—is more than a clever playwright; yet the cleverest of his auditors will hear nothing below the level of their superior and competent English intelligence. Mr. Lengyel is more than a skilful technician; yet even Mr. Arnold Bennett, whose exercises in theatrical fiction are quite worthy of the cleverest schoolboy who ever lived, has never approached the supreme artifice of the third act of "Typhoon". Mr. Lengyel has here performed the most difficult extant dramatic feat without any of the self-satisfied congratulation with which your modern English author delights in his uneasy mastery of craft. He has successfully carried through an entire scene where three different groups of people (the Japanese hero counting as one of them) are utterly at cross-purposes, continuously misunderstanding each other, but never confusing the audience. This is not done, as a similar scene upon the modern English stage would be done, as an end in itself, as a display of dramatic virtuosity, an exhibition of playmaker's technique, but in response to the actual organic needs of the play.

Of course, when in 1950 the perfect great play comes again to be written, many features of "Typhoon" will have disappeared. We shall then have clearly realised that scenes of seduction may be very vividly suggested to the spectator's imagination without subjecting him to the prolonged tedium of an actual physical exposition. I am not complaining of "Typhoon" in this respect more than I would complain of nine modern plays out of ten. Mr. Lengyel's Japanese hero lies quite decently in the lap of Delilah; and Delilah is less ferociously demonstrative than her many sisters. But dramatic authors will some day realise that scenes

of love may be quite as effectively acted by the parties from opposite ends of the stage as in a convulsive rapprochement of limbs and faces. Also we shall come to learn in time that when murder is toward it were best done quickly. It is false psychology to prolong the note of horror, which in its nature is sudden staccato, and in all great art is used only to sharpen our æsthetic senses into a more active reception. Mr. Lengyel should in the murder scene have been contented with but one foul epithet of his vigorous Paphian, and one growling spring of his unloosed Eastern savage. The attempt to sustain and heighten the climax of this scene defeats itself.

The acting is extremely competent, Mr. Laurence Irving, Mr. Leon Quartermaine and Mr. Arthur Whitby easily leading the cast. Mr. Irving's imitation of a Japanese does not impress me in the least. The public naturally imagines it must be very difficult to talk and walk like an outlandish Eastern gentleman, just as it marvels at realistic imitations of old men. These are tricks of the profession, the alphabet of a player's craft. Mr. Leon M. Lion can do this sort of thing as well as Mr. Irving. Mr. Laurence Irving's art goes deeper than that, beginning just where the popular appreciation of it ends. Mr. Arthur Whitby, disconcertingly like Sir Toby Belch, played well in a rôle that almost played itself; and Mr. Leon Quartermaine definitely added to his list of creations. This player should be immediately secured by producers, wherever they may be, who are looking for a drama of the future. I have also to record that Mr. Azooma Sheko in the part of Kitamaru gave us in the masterly ironic cross-examination scene a really wonderful exhibition of facial pyrotechnic. This gentleman, hoodwinking European justice, is deputed to tell the truth with such circumstantial extravagance of detail that justice shall declare he lies, and thus defeat itself with too much sagacity. This sounds rather complicated; but so is the scene—complicated, yet clear as the day; which is almost a definition of good dramaturgy.

#### OPERA AGAIN.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

NO excuse need be made for returning to the subject of opera this week. There are plenty of concerts to deal with, it is true; but readers must tire of seeing the same thing said many times, and what on earth can I say about Frederic Lamond, for instance, that I have not said before? He is one of the very greatest of living pianists and all I can do is to suggest that everyone who has a couple of hours (and a half-crown or so) to spare this afternoon should go to hear him play Beethoven. In a few days Bauer plays—and then the concert-season will be virtually finished. But the opera will not be finished for a long time, and it deserves some attention. When I wrote about it some weeks ago, Covent Garden was threatened with three rivals; now there is not one. All the brilliant schemes that were held in front of our dazzled eyes have melted away like rainbows; Covent Garden remains master of the situation and seems to be doing mightily well out of it. That is, as all the seats are occupied nightly we may safely anticipate that the usual big dividend will be declared when the accounts are made up. And it is precisely this which calls for remark. Here is a rich syndicate with an English secretary and an English musical director; it has a monopoly; and all it offers the English public is a novelty by an obscure German or Italian. I do not blame Waltershausen or Wolf-Ferrari for being obscure—the most prominent of public personages must have been obscure at one time—but I object to them being foisted on us as great composers, and more especially I object to them being boomed in the Press as great composers. If unknown men are to be given a chance at Covent Garden why must Englishmen be so rigidly excluded? I pointed out that

even if it seems unlikely that an opera by an English composer will ever be a popular success, yet plenty of foreign productions have been brought out and failed. The reason for not giving English operas holds good, in the majority of cases, of foreign ones; and if the Press were worked assiduously for home-grown operas as it is for the foreign ones there might be no failures at all.

The latest "find"—a Continental find, of course—is Waltershausen's "Oberst Chabert". It is the kind of music that anyone might write and that a great many people do write. The original story of Balzac I do not know. Like my former colleague Max I have a tremendous admiration for Balzac but cannot read him—much of him at any rate. I suppose I may have read some twenty of his works, which is, as everyone knows, a mere flea-bite; and I must confess that "Les Paysans" finished me. Manfully—though I say it myself—I struggled on until I had finished it: it was a kind of forcible feeding, self-performed. This story, then, I am unacquainted with; but if it is anything like Waltershausen's achievement, it must be a blood-curdling business indeed. Ever since the enormous success of "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" imitations have been poured out with wonderful profusion by composers in every country, and "Oberst Chabert" is simply the latest of them. It is a kind of music which it is all but impossible to criticise. There are no really good musical ideas; the stuff runs on, and just as one is puzzled to know why it should ever stop so one is mystified as to why ever it should have begun. Now, mere blood and wounds are not tragedy. And I have often said here that no good fighting-music has ever been written; Mozart and Wagner alike had recourse to mechanical devices to fill up the time while their dramatic personæ were demolishing each other. But with Mozart and Wagner the fighting is only an incident; it is not the whole drama. It is got over as soon as possible and more significant things begin to occur. In the case of Mascagni, Leoncavallo and, now, Waltershausen, an endeavour is made to keep up the atmosphere of battle throughout; take away the fighting and there is next to nothing left. Of course the singers are given a chance in "Oberst Chabert" to show off their best notes; but that alone will never keep an opera alive.

This is what Covent Garden has to offer in the way of novelties—a beggarly German copy of Italian melodrama. The brutal vigour that the Italian originals possessed is totally absent; there is none of the sense of tropical, even oppressive, heat that is at least a positive feature of those originals. Had an English composer turned out such rubbish, the Press would have jeered or been coldly indifferent. There is no fear of an English composer getting a chance. I have harped on this string for a long time, I admit, and I feel justified in doing so, for opera is the thing that matters. Until we have an opera we shall not have an English music—only overtures and symphonic poems; and no composer can learn to write for the stage unless he is in close and constant touch with it. When our composers do attempt to write for it they make the same mistake as Schumann made. When Wagner read him the "Lohengrin" libretto he blurted out that he could not see how anyone could set it to music, for he thought only of concert-music, music, so to say, *pur et simple*. He saw the score of "Tannhäuser" and condemned it promptly. Then he witnessed a performance and, somewhat to his amazement I fancy, found that some parts moved him deeply. His own opera is music *pur et simple*, and our young men, with the exception of Holbrooke, commit that fatal error of not remembering that a theatre is a very different place from the concert-room. If I may indulge in a little autobiography, in my youth, spent in a provincial town, I rarely had the chance of hearing opera. Wagner was a sealed book to me; I simply could not understand what he was driving at in "Lohengrin". Then on a fateful night the old

Carl Rosa company came along—and in a moment all became clear. I realised that Wagner wrote magnificently for the theatre, and that, fine though much of Schumann's music is, he did not write for the theatre. The lesson I learnt then is the lesson all our composers must learn.

A pet project of mine, one I have dreamed for years of executing, was a sensible book on harmony. My idea was to get over the elementary ground as rapidly as possible and then proceed to the serious business of dealing with the modern harmony of Strauss, Debussy, Delius, Holbrooke, Gardiner and the rest. I have been forestalled. In the "Musical Standard" is done, week by week, the thing I only dreamed of doing. In a series of twenty-four articles Dr. Churchill Sibley proposes to cover the whole ground that many theorists have devoted great tomes to. It is a great pleasure to me to note that a distinguished musician who cannot be accused of revolutionary tendencies is doing this thing and I am delighted to call attention to the fact. There has always been far too much of a mystery made of the elements of music. Everyone, even singers, should know harmony, and if they read Dr. Sibley's articles and work his exercises they will get to know it easily and painlessly. When this series is finished (I am informed at the "Musical Standard" office) a new one will be started dealing with the harmony in practical use to-day.

#### ACTRESSES AND CORONETS.

By FILSON YOUNG.

I HAVE been asked to say what I think of a book called "Peeresses of the Stage" written by Cranstoun Metcalfe, and published by Andrew Melrose at the price of 7s. 6d. net. What strikes me as chiefly remarkable about it is that anyone should have been found, capable of stringing a book of any kind together, who would have been willing to associate his name with such a piece of snobbery as this. The author, however, takes his work seriously. He describes it in his preface as an Effort in the art of Historiography. He says that its title describes its contents; but it would more accurately have been entitled "Actresses of the Peerage". It is divided into two parts. The first part deals with people who are dead, and is the more respectable on that account. The author has grubbed among such records as there are of famous and scandalous alliances of the past between the stage and the peerage—I was going to have written the page and the steerage, but the joke would have been a little far-fetched. For such as desire it, there is here a kind of record of such people as Elizabeth Farren, Anastasia Robinson, Fanny Braham, and Harriot Mellon, under the various titles which marriage has conferred upon them. The rest of the book deals with what the author, with his light touch, calls "the modern actressocracy". It is here that he has really found himself in difficulties. He is obviously torn between the desire to make himself intelligible and also to introduce as many titles as possible; and he is obviously more at ease when he is referring to Rose, Marchioness of Headfort, than when he is referring to Rosie Boote. The last chapter of the book, containing a record of recent marriages between peers and chorus-girls, is just what it might be expected to be—what indeed it cannot avoid being—a compound of suppression and flattery. When I add that the author entitles it "Unto this Last", there is little more to be said.

The book does, however, suggest some reflexions on what is a social characteristic of our day—the cult of actors and actresses by the upper classes. This is the golden age of the stage from the social point of view; which is perhaps why it is the leaden age from an artistic point of view. And there must be no disguise about the kind of relationship which exists between the upper classes and the stage. It is not patronage by any means. It is not that great lords and ladies desire to have, here and there among the throng which sur-

rounds them, a few spoiled favourites of the public to amuse their lighter hours. On the contrary, actors and actresses form an integral part of what is called smart society; and very important people they are in it, too. This is by no means to the discredit of the actors and actresses; but I am afraid that the reasons why people of position have taken to cultivating them are in their origin not otherwise than contemptible. This, unhappily, is the day of advertisement. People whose grandparents would have blushed to see them in print hardly think they are being "a success" unless they themselves, their husbands, wives, children, dogs, cats, horses, and ancestral homes are every week advertised in the illustrated papers. To be conspicuous is to be socially successful; and the successful actor or actress is about the most conspicuous figure of our day. Smith the obscure poet may be a very great man; Jones the famous actor may be a very small man; but if you ask "Do you know Smith?" nobody is in the least ashamed of saying "No, never heard of him". Whereas no one would admit to not knowing Jones; and if they had happened never to have met and spoken with that particular star they would be ashamed to admit it. It is also a fact that in the general confusion and transition through which our society is passing there is an increasing tendency for people to get out of their right place and get into other places. Apparently no one is content to do his own job and to continue doing it. Music-hall comedians write books; peers collaborate in the writing of operas and pay heavily for the privilege; chorus girls become countesses; Cabinet Ministers flutter on the Stock Exchange; authors go into politics; duchesses keep shops; squires go into the City; advertising managers edit newspapers; women want votes; poor people want to be rich. There is a kind of general post going on; and yet the movement seems to be rather one-sided. Rich people show no desire to be poor; ladies of great family do not clamour at the stage door for admission to the chorus; stockbrokers do not insist on serving their country; authors do not take to the music-hall; nor are musical composers raised to the peerage. It is the showy things which people want, for which there is a demand, and which consequently are fashionable. Hence this deplorable fashion of the bearers of great names allying themselves with women of the stage. It is sometimes said that it is a good thing, and that the thin and worn-out blood of the aristocracy is thereby fortified and refreshed. But I fear there is little eugenic principle in the head of the young heir to a peerage who finds that the price he must pay for the possession of his favourite chorus girl is his name and title.

It is always disagreeable to speak disparagingly of a whole class, because there are always sure to be exceptions, and I have no doubt that among what Mr. Metcalfe calls the actressocracy there are to be found many an excellent wife and mother. But that is not the point. Such people must be exceptions. As our author himself points out there is no actress-peeress alive at this moment of whom it can be said she is a great actress. Most of them are not serious actresses at all; they are only people whose good looks gave them a conspicuous position on a very conspicuous platform. And the simple fact is that the training of a musical comedy chorus girl is not the training which prepares any woman for the responsibilities either of wealth or position; or which educates her in the proper use of either, or can fit her, at a time when it is more than ever necessary that those who inherit them should prove themselves worthy of their trust, to hold either against the tide of change and the influences of disruption. To be sure, it is not the poor little chorus girls who are to blame. They have been trained to desire flowers and jewels; why should they not also desire coronets and titles? Nor are the hot-hearted young lords necessarily to blame—when they are young and hot-hearted, that is. They only suffer from the common delusion of people in love, and show at least that they have the courage of their passions. The people who are to blame for this consistent

degeneration of aristocratic families are the aristocracy themselves. If they choose to forget that their families are something more than a private perquisite, they must not be surprised if their value becomes cheapened in the eyes of the world. Their position is, in a sense, a trust for the nation, and they have no right to prostitute it to the stage. It is true that most of these alliances are enterprised and taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, and wantonly, and by no means with the consent of the parents. But that again does not go to the root of the matter. If marriage with a pretty chorus girl were taken seriously by society, and regarded as a true *mésalliance*, even hot-hearted young men would think twice before doing it. But of course it is not taken seriously; and Miss Florrie Flutter, when she becomes Florence, Marchioness of Broadshire, is very quickly accepted as a matter of course, and proceeds to take her part in the undoing of the class to which she has allied herself. I dare say this point of view is not only unpopular, but will be regarded by many serious people as old-fashioned and unprogressive. But when the stage and kindred influences have swamped the aristocracy it may be seen that there was something in it after all.

In the meantime, here is a book which should be found in every servants' hall.

#### BEFORE LIDDELL AND SCOTT.

THE news that Mr. H. Stuart Jones is preparing a new edition of Liddell and Scott's lexicon for the Clarendon Press sets one wondering how the world contrived to get on without that work. There is hardly any department of literature in which men build so much on others' labours as in dictionary-making. For work of this kind, if rightly done, is done for ever, and the next comer has only to adopt it. To acknowledge obligations becomes difficult when they are overwhelming. This is perhaps the reason why dictionary-makers, as represented by their successors, appear to be such faulty workmen. Everyone has to justify his own existence by exhibiting the defects of his predecessor. This is not said with any special reference to Liddell and Scott, but is merely a general impression derived from some study of Greek lexicons.

Three years before the appearance of Liddell and Scott in 1843 there was published a very respectable Greek-English and English-Greek Lexicon, by George Dunbar, the then Professor of Greek at Edinburgh. This reached a second edition in 1844, but after that it was crushed out in the struggle for existence.

Before this again there was a New Greek and English Lexicon, by James Donnegan M.D., of which the first edition appeared in 1826 and the second in 1831.

It is not however in the British Isles, but in Germany, that we have to look for the real antecedents of Liddell and Scott. The work, as everyone knows, was originally based on Passow, who still reigns in Germany, with additions. Franz Passow, born in 1786, and appointed professor at Breslau in 1815, was the first to establish firmly the right conception of a Greek lexicon as giving a life-history of every word in the Greek language. He began with Homer, and proposed to work downwards in historical order through the early post-Homeric poets, and Herodotus and Hippocrates, to the Attic poets and then the Attic prose-writers. His work, which began to appear in 1819, was cut short by his death in 1833 at the early age of forty-seven. Liddell and Scott made it their aim to carry on the work which he had begun. But by the time they reached their fourth edition their work had been so enriched from other sources and by their own labour that they considered themselves justified in dropping his name from their title-page. For so doing they could plead his own example, for he in like manner had in his fourth edition (1831) dropped from his title-page the name of Schneider, on whom his work had been originally based. So Aristotle in the field of philosophy is recorded to have received from

Plato the nickname of "the colt", because he kicked off his dam after he was saturated with her milk.

Schneider, whose *Kritisches Griechisch-Deutsches Wörterbuch* appeared in the middle of the first decade of the nineteenth century, had by the time he reached his third edition in 1819 driven all competitors out of the field. But he was warming a viper in his bosom when he got the young professor at Breslau to undertake a new edition of an abridgment of his work.

The year of the battle of Waterloo was marked by more happy Anglo-French relations in the world of letters. Then was published the first number of a new edition by Valpy and Barker of the *Thesaurus Græcæ Linguae* of the great French scholar Henri Estienne, better known under his Latin name of *Henricus Stephanus*. This work ran on from 1815 to 1828, and was completed in seven folio volumes. In it the original etymological order was abandoned in favour of one completely alphabetical. The later Paris edition of *Stephanus* was rather contemporary with Liddell and Scott than antecedent to it, though they helped themselves from it during their course. But *Stephanus* for obvious reasons could not be used in schools. There *Schrevelius* in one form or another reigned right down to the appearance of Liddell and Scott, who had to plead justification for writing in English. We shall come to *Schrevelius* in his place, but we are still in the nineteenth century and he was in the middle of the seventeenth.

In the year 1825 a Greek and Latin lexicon was issued in London by the publisher Richard Taylor, which well illustrates the way in which layer upon layer of work is superimposed in a dictionary. This was an edition of the *Lexicon Manuale* of *Hederich*, as increased by Samuel Patrick, corrected by *Ernesti*, and further revised by T. Morell S.T.P. Nor did the process end there. For in the year 1821 there died in Paris a learned old scholar named *Larcher* at the age of nearly ninety. At his auction there was sold an interleaved copy of *Hederich* with copious additions in the handwriting of *Larcher*. This was bought by the publisher and the edition was thus still further enriched.

Dr. Morell (1703-1784) was born and bred at Eton, and became in due course Fellow of King's. The part played by him consisted chiefly, though not exclusively, in enlarging the Latin-Greek part of the work.

John Augustus *Ernesti* (1707-1781) was a professor at Leipzig. The tone of his preface is very arrogant. He is not one who wishes, or indeed needs, to enhance his own reputation by decrying others. But *Hederich*, though an industrious man, was otherwise ill equipped for his task. He relied entirely on *Scapula* and other common lexicons. Samuel Patrick also under *Ernesti*'s inspection turned out to be no better than *Hederich*. Indirectly *Ernesti* pays a high compliment to Great Britain in dwelling on the shortcomings of Samuel Patrick, notwithstanding that "he lives in an island which seems to claim for itself the lead in Greek letters, and in which men appear to be steeped in Greek learning almost from their birth".

Just a year after *Ernesti* penned his preface, that is, in 1755, there was published in London Young's edition of Patrick's *Hederich*. Among the publishers concerned in the venture appear the names of Longman and Rivington. Young's part in this work was a minor one. The copies of Patrick's *Hederich* were running out, and Young was asked by booksellers to supervise a new edition. He confined himself to setting right breathings and accents, unintelligible quotations, and bad Latin.

Samuel Patrick LL.D. was an undermaster at Charterhouse. He published his work in 1738, dedicating it to Richard Mead, physician to King George II. He claimed that *Hederich*'s lexicon was already fuller than any other of the same size, but that he had added seven hundred words at least, chiefly from *Longinus*, *Aristophanes*, *Lucian*, and *M. Antoninus*. In a second edition he added nearly six hundred more, some of

which from Strabo were contributed by Richard Glover, the youthful author of "Leonidas", an epic poem which had appeared the year before in nine books: it was afterwards enlarged to twelve.

Benjamin Hederich himself published his work in 1722, dedicated to four German headmasters. It consisted of three parts, which he called respectively Hermeneutic, Analytic, and Synthetic. The first was a Greek-Latin lexicon, the second an explanatory list of irregular and defective forms, the third a Latin-Greek lexicon. This threefold division was derived from Schrevelius. In Patrick's second edition the first two parts were thrown into one; unusual forms, like the Doric *ποθέρω*, being entered alphabetically among the other words, as in Liddell and Scott. Hederich claimed that almost all the words in Scapula were to be found in his lexicon, and insisted on the greater convenience of his own purely alphabetical order.

William Robertson's *Thesaurus Linguae Græcæ*, as enlarged by Joseph Hill to about 24,000 words, receives praise from the great Fabricius as being the fullest dictionary of its kind. Fabricius is writing between 1719 and 1721, when Hederich's lexicon had already been announced in the "Gelehrte Zeitungen", but had not yet made its appearance.

Joseph Hill, aided by John Hutchinson, had already in 1663 published an enlarged edition of Schrevelius. The original work of Cornelius Schrevelius, which was entitled *Lexicon Manuale Græco-Latinum, Analyticum, et Latino-Græcum*, appeared at Leyden in 1657, according to the statement of Fabricius, though it has been put by others three years earlier. Schrevelius' manual was based upon Scapula, whose lexicon was first published at Basle in 1579. Scapula's lexicon, vast as it is, has always, rightly or wrongly, been regarded as stolen from the *Thesaurus Græcæ Linguae* of Henricus Stephanus, which saw the light in 1572. Behind this work we will not go, nor will we speak of it at the end of an article.

#### THE UNDERCLIFF IN SPRING.

By JOHN VAUGHAN, Canon of Winchester.

IT will be some weeks yet before the wildflowers will be blossoming in their full glory, but it may be doubted whether the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight ever appears more charming than in the early days of spring. In spite of the cold east winds the season has abundantly declared itself, and indications abound on every side of the awakening of life and beauty. The hedgerows have already donned their spring garb of emerald green, leaf-buds are showing on the long stems of clematis or traveller's-joy which trail over the tangled brushwood, there is a silver shimmer among the top branches of the elm-trees, the shining buds of the horse-chestnut are bursting in the sunlight, and some choice species of early wildflowers are in bloom.

There is perhaps no finer stretch of country in the south of England, or one more interesting to the naturalist, than that which runs along the coast between Bonchurch and Blackgang Chine. "There can hardly be found anywhere", says a fascinating writer, "six or seven miles which combine so many elements of the picturesque—noble hills rising to an almost mountainous height—a rugged wall of cliffs stained with a thousand hues, and draped with luxuriant foliage—huge masses of grey rock starting from the turf, mantled with bright green mosses and grey and orange lichens, and festooned with the verdant tapestry of the ivy, bramble, and traveller's-joy, a soil rich from the decomposition of the fallen strata, where primroses cluster on the banks, cowslips and orchises glitter on the slopes, and hyacinths cover the leafy glades with a sheet of azure—noble trees through whose branches the eye catches glimpses of the blue sea or the jagged lines of the precipice above—it is a tract worth lingering over, and which, however often visited, always seems to present some new charm."

The secluded churchyard of Bonchurch, surrounded by rugged elms of venerable antiquity, is visited yearly by thousands of pilgrims, who cannot fail to be struck with its peaceful beauty. The mossy turf was starred very lately with the yellow flowers of the lesser celandine, which decorated in lavish profusion the quiet resting-place of John Sterling, the brother-in-law of Frederick Denison Maurice and the intimate friend of Thomas Carlyle. The church itself, no longer used for public worship and presenting inside a forlorn and desolate appearance, is clothed with festoons of ivy, and with masses of Virginian creeper whose shining crimson leaf-buds were just expanding. Further along the Undercliff another disused church, that of S. Laurence, once famous as the smallest church in England, lies amid a wealth of luxuriant vegetation. In mediæval documents it was known as Sanctus Laurentius de Wathe, or S. Laurence-under-the-Cliff, and in the days of Cardinal Beaufort it served as the parish church of the Undercliff. "Not farr from itt to the southward", wrote the island antiquary, Sir John Oglander, in the early part of the seventeenth century, "there appeareth ye ruynes of an other chappell, but what itt wase is nowe utterlye unknowne. Only ye tennant informed me that sometimes they tyed beastes there, and ye beastes so tyed would swet and eate no meate as longe as they were so tyed, which", adds our noble authority, "is strange if true, and must proceed from some naturall cause as is undiscovered." However this may be, the explanation is not to be found in the dangerous proximity of a chapel, for "ye ruynes" spoken of by Sir John were those, not of a sacred, but of a domestic building, dating back probably to the beginning of the fourteenth century. The picturesque remains, clad with ivy, may still be seen, and form part of a modern dwelling-house.

The immediate neighbourhood of S. Laurence and of the ivy-mantled gable of Wolverton is interesting ground to the botanist, for, in spite of building operations which have been carried out somewhat extensively of late years, several rare and interesting plants maintain their old position. This was the headquarters of that stately and lordly species, *Helleborus fœtidus*, the hellebore, bear's-foot, or setterwort, which grew "most certainly wild in the rough ground between S. Laurence's church and the old ruin of Wolverton". Now, as in the time of the island botanist, Dr. Bromfield, this great evergreen plant, so dear to the ancient herbalists, may be seen in flower, not far from the little church, in the early days of spring. But nowhere else in the Isle of Wight, hardly anywhere else in Hampshire, is it to be found. The same is true of a humble but rare little geranium, sometimes called the round-leaved crane's-bill, which delights in the neighbourhood of S. Laurence. It may be seen on the steep mossy banks, in the rough pasture-ground, on the stone walls, in some profusion, but you will seek for it elsewhere in Hampshire in vain. All along the Undercliff, especially between S. Laurence and Niton, an unusual species of cuckoo-pint, or "lords and ladies", grows plentifully on both sides of the high-road. It is distinguished from the ordinary plant by its larger size, its more triangular leaves which are often veined with greenish-white, and by the spadix being always yellow instead of a dull purple. Its scientific name is *Arum Italicum*, for it is common in Italy, and seems indeed to be the prevailing form on the Continent; but in England it is very rarely met with, except in shady places along the Undercliff.

Another Mediterranean species which has established itself in extraordinary abundance in the Isle of Wight is the sweet-scented butter-bur (*Petasites fragrans*) or winter heliotrope. It is very conspicuous in spring-time. Its large coltsfoot-shaped leaves often cover the ground for considerable stretches. It will be noticed, not only in shrubberies and orchards, but all over the rough ground of the Landslip and Undercliff. In places it is so abundant as to afford an excellent shelter for pheasants. Very early in the spring, some-

times indeed at Christmas-time, its deliciously fragrant flowers appear, which render the plant a favourite one, in spite of its being such a rampant and troublesome weed. Far otherwise is it with the broad-leaved garlic or ramsons, which is equally abundant and conspicuous. The copses and shady ground of the Undercliff are smothered with it. At every turn one is conscious of its presence. Its leaves can hardly be distinguished from those of the lily of the valley, and the large umbels of white flowers are distinctly attractive, but the nauseous odour of the plant is intolerable and renders it a perfect pest to farmers and poultry-keepers.

On the north side of the island, in many of the stiff clay thickets and copses near Quarr Abbey and Wootton Bridge, the very rare and beautiful purple cowslip is now in flower. It is only found in Dorset, and the New Forest, and in the Isle of Wight, and it gives distinction to any wood in which it may be found. First discovered by one Mr. Goodyer in the spring of 1620, who named it "cowslip of Jerusalem", it is now plentiful in the few localities where it deigns to dwell. But the Undercliff is not one of these. Rich and fertile as is the soil it cannot provide the necessary ingredients for *Pulmonaria angustifolia*. But numberless other species take its place. On the rocky cliffs the magnificent shrubby sea-stock is putting forth its purple flowers. It is extinct elsewhere in England; but at Freshwater and in Compton Bay, and on the rocks below the Undercliff it may now be seen in all its glory. And there is no lack of humbler species. Anemones are everywhere, in company with the pale primrose. Our native hyacinths or bluebells are just coming into flower. Chickweeds, the mouse-ear as well as the commoner kinds, are abundant, and several species of arabis. In damp, shady places the delicate little moschatel may be found, but never in much profusion. Several species of the wild violet are in flower on the banks, and the barbarea or winter-cress is very conspicuous here and there with its tall stems and deep yellow flowers. So are the rose-coloured petals of the campion and the purple blossoms of the dead-nettle, while the cheerful dandelion is everywhere abundant.

Towards the western end of the Undercliff S. Catherine's Down rises to a height of nearly eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. On the very summit of the down stand the remains of a mediæval pharos, which for many centuries warned mariners of the dangers of the coast. In this "hermitage on the down at Chale" one Walter Langeberewe was admitted in the year 1312, and up to the time of the Reformation a succession of pious hermits performed their sacred duty. The chantry was suppressed either by Henry VIII. or by Edward VI. But the lighthouse tower remains, and even the foundations of the cell and chapel may be traced, and bear witness to the practical piety of mediæval times. Near the little hermitage some plants of the vernal gentian (*Gentiana præcox*) are in flower. The lovely species has doubtless existed on the steep slopes of S. Catherine's Down since mediæval times, but we wonder whether Walter Langeberewe ever noticed it.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### HOUSING REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

106 Sewardstone Road

Victoria Park N.E.

26 April 1913.

SIR—The total value of this Government's contribution to an effective housing policy can be measured from the fact that so far as old districts are concerned, and apart from town planning in a few new districts, slum demolition has not proceeded by probably one-twentieth of what was necessary to wipe out the arrears proved to

exist prior to 1890, and to eliminate the congested areas common to all the older towns and cities in the kingdom.

So far as London and its immediately adjacent districts are concerned, it is probable that potential slum areas are being increased at a far greater ratio than the destruction of old slums in the central and inner zones. Everyone with practical knowledge knew and protested years ago that the first step in real housing reform for London was to scrap the London Building Act. *Pari passu* the same applies to one half the building by-laws in force in the country generally.

The entire situation requires to be reviewed in the light of the experience accumulated since the introduction of the Act of 1890. The improvement to be expected from the Act of 1909, as apart from pretentious self-deception, is not calculated to be appreciable in a century. Within the present law effort is strangled and real progress almost hopeless. We have an experienced competent authority telling us there are in London upwards of twenty areas suitable and over-ripe for treatment under Part I. of the Act. On the other hand, we have the London County Council, both Moderate and Progressive, hesitating to take up and deal with areas certified to be unhealthy and known to be fit for demolition schemes many years since. The position of the Borough Councils, who are responsible under Part II. of the Act for dealing with individual houses, is just as unsatisfactory and equally in need of revision.

In the period covered by the Act of 1890—1890 to 1909—many of the sanitary authorities were much hampered by certain stipendiary magistrates, who appeared to consider it their especial duty to exhaust every difficulty and oppose every technicality in a system of procedure overburdened with opportunity for technical objection, and for the judicial obstructing of a sanitary authority anxious to do its duty and desirous of improving the housing conditions of its district. It would be churlish not to add there were splendid exceptions in gentlemen who did not consider it their business to intervene and assist house-knackers of the worst possible type with far-fetched strained technicalities, when no defence could possibly be attempted on the merits. The fact, however, remains that with magistrates sympathetic or not violently hostile to local effort the legal standard established in practice was far too low, and not, in fact, a sound, healthy standard at all, which brings us to the point it is necessary to emphasise and take to the bar of public opinion.

The vagaries of the magistrates referred to resulted in the power to make closing and demolition orders being transferred to the Local Government Board, and the point for consideration is: How far does this new procedure cure the defects of the past, and provide a system more prompt, more direct, and above all more calculated to improve the standard of health. A little careful consideration of recent data seems to show we are just about as badly off as before.

As regards simplified procedure and speedy direct action, we see one local authority defeated entirely on a mere technical point of procedure bearing no relation to the merits of the case at all. We hear of another authority being foiled by one technical proceeding after the other for close upon two years, and it has, I believe, not yet succeeded in securing an effective closing order.

As regards the standard of house decided on appeal by the Local Government Board's inspector to be fit and suitable for human habitation, the recent proceedings at Stepney afford us eloquent testimony of the real progress made in this direction. Hilliard's Court, Wapping, and the late action taken in respect of the houses therein situated, stand out to confute the breezy egoism of the President, as well as to proclaim to all the civilised world the standard of healthy housing permitted in this year of grace in the very heart of this great metropolitan city of a great Empire.

Thirty years of agitation and effort leave us with a low and a debased standard. We have yet to seek an efficient Act and a practical system. We have a bundle of legal absurdities, too technical for direct application, too intricate for general understanding, and withal so

costly as to be practically prohibitive, scaring both Progressive and Moderate.

I am Sir your obedient servant

JOHN FOOT.

### THE PUBLIC AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—It is strange to find a paper like the SATURDAY REVIEW falling into the same error as the "Westminster Gazette" and talking of "the public" as if they were all of one mind about the Suffragettes. The fact of the existence of the M.P.U. is sufficient to explain why it was that some men shouted "Are we in Russia?" in Hyde Park on 20 April, apart from the fact that every country harbours sans-culottic individuals ready to hoot at the police whenever they get a chance, on any pretext. The majority of the crowd were too busy hooting the Suffragettes to hoot the police, save incidentally when the latter were engaged protecting the former. So far "the public", as distinct from "the Anti-Suffragette public", has not risen, as it ought, against these pests. I suppose "the public" is waiting till people, including little children, are killed and maimed.

ARCH. GIBBS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 April 1913.

SIR—Your correspondent is quite wrong in supposing that the cry "Are we in Russia?" comes from a public which desires to mob the Suffragettes. As one who has been in Hyde Park for several Sundays, I can tell you that the public wants to hear what the women have to say for themselves, and disapproves of the Home Secretary's order.

The organised groups of hooligans who have disturbed the meetings in the past do not now go near where the women attempt to speak; they wait outside the crowd (near the exits) ready to pounce upon or mob any woman the police bring out to them. I saw several women taken from the peaceful centre of the crowd and flung into the waiting mob, and then subjected to all kinds of indecent handling.

Yours etc.

K. T. B.

### THE MARCONI INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Folkestone.

SIR—In your excellent article last week you say very truly that no corruption has been proved against Ministers. No; but Rome wasn't built in a day, or for the matter of that Tammany Hall either. When servants offer themselves for employment one naturally makes inquiries as to their antecedents. In buying a house a wise man generally likes to know something about the foundations. At some trouble and expense I have had the speeches of some Ministers and Under-Secretaries searched out at the British Museum, from August 1905 to January 1906, on the subject of "Chinese" lies; and a very edifying collection I have got. Those from the suburban and provincial Press are, if anything, more interesting than those in the large London dailies, for cocks crow loud in their own farmyards. Looking back now, it is interesting to see how the "old birds" carefully chose their words, leaving it to the younger ones—briefless barristers, needy lawyers, schoolmasters etc.—to do the deliberate lying on this question; though, when it came off, the "old ones" had no scruples in taking advantage of their fabrications. This is, I believe, the first time, thank Heaven, in the history of our country that perjury has been brought down to a concrete £ s. d. value. I say perjury, because it is well known that only twelve out of 250,000 of these "poor slaves" could, of their own free will, be induced to

leave their chains behind them. This falsehood was run like a quack medicine, and only admitted to be a falsehood when the object of telling it had been gained—viz. office. These are the foundations on which the Radical House has been built. So, though as you say there has been no corruption proved, there would have been nothing strange, judging by the past, if there had.

One thing may safely be said, and that is that the Ministers chiefly concerned in this edifying inquiry neither stand higher, nor lower, than they did before.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

### REGENT'S PARK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Park Crescent W., April 1913.

SIR—This beautiful open space is threatened by the new Bedford College for Women. The College consists of half-a-dozen buildings of enormous size, in an enclosure in the middle of the Park, situated on a rising ground, where an unobtrusive villa has existed until now. As there are about one hundred acres, excluding the Zoological Gardens in similar enclosures, which are liable to be built over, a town of fair size may be built, and the beauty and usefulness of one of our finest parks damaged irretrievably. The public has been lulled into a sense of false security by a promise made by Lord Eversley in the 'eighties, and by Mr. Hanbury in 1900, when they held office as First Commissioner of Works. Lord Eversley (at the time Mr. Shaw Lefevre) promised that when the leases of the villas in the Park terminated large portions of the grounds would be thrown open to the public, and Mr. Hanbury promised that no buildings would be erected in the enclosures without the matter being brought before Parliament. Both these promises have been broken by the Office of Woods, and the result of that breach of faith can now be seen by all who go into the Park by either York Gate or Clarence Gate.

The erection of such vast buildings in the midst of one of our most precious open spaces has led to the destruction of a large number of trees, the loss of which destroys the sylvan beauty of one of the most picturesque spots in our most beautiful park. A lease has been promised for ninety-nine years, at a rental of £950 a year for the eight acres, which will involve a loss, by the end of the lease, to the Exchequer, according to Mr. Runciman's calculation, of £300,000, and according to Lord Eversley's reckoning of £700,000. This vast virtual endowment of a great educational institution has been granted without the sanction of Parliament, and without public control.

Several of the Crown tenants in the Park have discovered in their leases a covenant protecting them against the erection of such buildings in any of the enclosures in the Park, and this view is endorsed by an eminent barrister.

Lord Eversley advocates the appointment of a parliamentary committee, and this should be immediately done, so that the whole question of the administration of the Crown Estates by the Office of Woods should be thoroughly investigated, and steps taken to prevent any further damage to the amenities of Regent's Park. All sanitarians are agreed as to the enormous value of open spaces in cities and towns, and consider them one of the greatest sanitary assets. All lovers of Nature are agreed that the destruction of trees and grass in populous places is to be condemned, as they diminish the enjoyment and health of the inhabitants.

Earl Beauchamp, the First Commissioner of Works, has been asked to allow a public meeting to be held on Sunday afternoon, 18 May, and men and women of all parties will be invited to discuss this great question that so deeply affects the capital city of the Empire.

Yours faithfully

JOHN FLETCHER LITTLE.

## "THE TRUTH ABOUT CARLYLE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Broomfield Road Ayr, 24 April 1913.

SIR—In your issue of 19 April you print an article by Mr. Frank Harris full of vituperation of Mr. Alexander Carlyle, based upon the erroneous assumption that he inspired my recent book, "The Truth about Carlyle". This is an amusing sample of Mr. Frank Harris' poetic genius, that fine faculty for confounding imagination and facts which has enabled him to fling so much blue light on Shakespeare and Carlyle. The truth is, as I can prove by documentary evidence, that Alexander Carlyle steadily discouraged my enterprise. He disapproved of it so strongly that he declined to read what I had written, and expressed his disapproval to a publisher who had it under consideration, and in short he did everything he possibly could to prevent the appearance of the book.

I accept your decision disallowing correspondence, and so make no reply to what is said about Sir James Crichton-Browne or myself, merely hoping that those who are interested may refer to the book, and judge for themselves between us and Mr. Harris; but surely you will agree that this statement is required in common fairness to Mr. Alexander Carlyle.

Yours truly

DAVID ALEC WILSON.

## THE COLONNE ORCHESTRA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 April 1913.

SIR—One is accustomed to look to the musical critic of the SATURDAY REVIEW for a thoroughly honest expression of opinion upon new works of moment, and I venture to express the hope that your readers may be thus favoured in regard to the remarkable "Tableaux Symphoniques" by Fanelli, Part I. of which has been given a first hearing in England by the Colonne Orchestra. We are told the music was written so far back as 1883, but was only discovered and first performed in Paris last year. The impression the work—more especially the last movement, picturing a great procession of Pharaoh's—made upon the present writer is of course entirely unimportant to record; still, one is tempted to draw comparisons on these occasions, and what strikes me most is how very closely Fanelli seems to have anticipated some of Richard Strauss' favourite effects—I was tempted to say "jokes". For sheer strident noise and sustained ugliness I personally should think the third movement (the procession) has never been beaten. It was just, to me, Richard Strauss at his worst, without a trace of his golden moments of beauty.

Your obedient servant

HERBERT HANKINSON.

## "SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford.

SIR—A correspondent tells us that there can be little doubt that this phrase found its origin in the French equivalent "Il ne fera pas brûler le tamis". I do not believe that any Frenchman has ever heard of such a proverbial saying! The conjecture that the word "Thames" in this phrase has anything to do with a sieve (whether dialect English "temse" or French "tamis") has no basis in fact. It was started by a writer in "Notes and Queries", 25 March 1865, p. 249, and has been effectually dealt with by the late Professor Skeat in "Student's Pastime", § 205. See New English Dictionary (s.v. Thames).

A. L. MAYHEW.

## REVIEWS.

YOUNG GOETHE.

"Wilhelm Meister's Theatrical Mission." By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by Gregory A. Page. London: Heinemann. 1913. 6s.

A LOST masterpiece of Goethe is discovered; excitedly discussed in Germany; translated into English, and published by Messrs. Heinemann. The English public is indifferent. Here is an event to shake the four corners of literature. It is in England received with an obstinate tranquillity. The English public remains, as ever, ignorant and cold when German literature is toward. The Germans have made of Shakespeare a graven image after their fashion; but the English refuse to be warmed into any sort of acknowledgment. In vain Carlyle discovered and proclaimed the beauties of Teutonic literature. In vain Lord Haldane talks to the English universities; in vain tells the English House of Lords how to him it is inconceivable that the countrymen of Goethe and of Shakespeare should ever fail of understanding and peace. The merely literate Englishman refuses to be interested.

"Wilhelm Meister's Theatrical Mission" is Goethe's first version of the earlier part of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship". Goethe intended utterly to destroy it—an intention very eloquent of his unsparing self-criticism. But posterity had a friend in Barbara Schult-hess. Barbara read the MS. of this early version, and before returning it to Goethe she made a copy. This copy after a hundred and twenty-five years has casually turned up in Switzerland. Its importance is great in proportion to the extent of the difference between the early work and the late—a difference so remarkable that we may almost regard the version from Switzerland as a new and original masterpiece. The "Mission" is the natural imaginative fruit of Goethe's youth. The "Apprenticeship" is quite as definitely the fruit of his middle age. The discovery is in two ways happy. Here is a new work of young Goethe, not yet Italianate. Here also is a possibility of seeing how Goethe in two sharply divided periods of his life approached a similar set of ideas; of exactly measuring how much inspiration of his greener years was caviare to the finished man.

Already a German critic has described the destruction of the early version as a "sin against the holy spirit of . . . inspiration, whereby Goethe with scissors and paste transformed a book of confessions into a well-tempered romance". This is utterly wrong. We were ourselves sorely tempted, reading the early version and remembering the cold perfection of the later work, to feel that in some ways it is a pity middle age can but seldom successfully recapture the first fine careless rapture, that irony often enters too soon into the poet's vision of life. But what was Goethe to do, confronted after his Italian journey with the first six books of Wilhelm Meister—the books we are now able to read in his despite? He had grown in wisdom; he had a more exacting sense of form; life was now more definitely the comedy of the man who thinks than the tragedy of the man who feels. He read these six books of his youth with the critical mind of an artist rejecting what was irrelevant, softening the emphasis of passages which stood too sharply out. Fire and extravagance, dramatic conflict, young passion at the flood—these were not for Goethe at this time. He could not, if he would, have finished his work in the vein of these early books. The young poet who followed Wilhelm and Mariana into an earthly paradise now stands in tender irony aside. "Whom would it become", says this older man, "to express the blessedness of two lovers?"

Perhaps the most interesting of the inexhaustible contrasts between the early "Wilhelm" and the late is a contrast of method. It is not only that the mere writing is in the later version chastened; that the easy, almost tumbling, flow of young eloquence is checked. Goethe's first version is actually—the earlier chapters

of it—in another tense. This particular change, meeting us upon the threshold of our comparison, is symbolic of the whole. In the corrected version Wilhelm's childhood and his early imaginative history are given retrospectively, in the manner of Ibsen's later plays. This is the true method of philosophical analysis—the method of sustained inspection. The mood of Goethe's finished work is the mood of Ibsen summoning to his stage a group of figures whose lives are already finished, rolling back the years, and revealing each act of the comedy in reverse succession. The result is a vision of life as seen by the wise walking back into their youth. It is the method of irony; and it is the method, though the actual form is not persisted in, of Goethe's later version of Wilhelm Meister. There are few things more sadly ironical than the way in which Goethe in middle age presents Wilhelm persistently pouring forth the story of his artistic beginnings to a lover, who persistently falls asleep. Compare the earlier version. We see the puppet play through the eyes of a child; Wilhelm's artistic progress is unfolded for us in talk with a friend, in passages where in place of the later ironic suggestion we are in an opposite peril of a sentimentousness not altogether separable from the author. The whole story up to Wilhelm's meeting with Mariana is vividly told level with the passage of time, not as a studied recapitulation. This is the work of a young man for whom the visions of boyhood linger yet too splendidly to be mocked with a sleepy heroine. "Samuel and Jonathan seemed to me most venerable", says Wilhelm of the later period, with the unconscious pedantry of youth, speaking of the puppet play that first fired his brain. Young Goethe neither could, nor would, write so. He shows us an enchanted boy looking into a tale of mystery and imagination.

The discovery of these six books is for two further reasons of the highest importance. First, they are a fresh light upon the development of Goethe's poetic gift. They are far more definitely an autobiography than is the later complete work. They have to be added to the literature of confession and self-scrutiny. Here broadly is the story of Goethe's early development as an artist and a man, more spontaneous and sincere than anything we get in the studied progress of his later hero. Second, the middle of this volume, much of it entirely new material, is extremely precious to the expert critic and historian of the German theatre, and not alone to him. It is not often that dramatic art is at a particular moment examined with understanding and affection by an author of Goethe's calibre. The story of de Retti and her company is an historical and personal document for which every critic of Goethe and his times will hereafter be thankful.

Goethe was right and wrong when he destroyed the precious MS. of "Wilhelm Meister's Theatrical Mission". He was right; for the threads were broken. He could not finish it as he had begun. He was unwilling to leave an uncompleted fragment. So he compressed, modified, and utterly cast out whole portions of his early matter with the magnificent contempt of a great author for scrapped material. But he was also wrong; for here was a record he could not write again, precious for posterity, the good work of his young wits. It was the act of a vandal; only pardonable on the score of a modesty which too many authors have managed to do without. Thanks to Frau Barbara we can at last afford to forgive him.

A word is due to the care with which this version has been prepared for the English public. The translation by Mr. Gregory Page is admirable, pointing the contrast between the later periodic style of Goethe with this earlier nervous dramatic flow of sentences, vivid with epithet and simple phrase. The introduction by Mr. Harry Mayne is a serious and scholarly estimate of the importance of this work from all points of view. If this volume get the notice it deserves, it will possibly help Lord Haldane a little in his attempt to educate the English public into the discovery of German letters. We sincerely envy the reader who is still able to read the two versions of Wilhelm Meister in

their natural order. Reading the early version with a distinct memory of the later it is more difficult and less agreeable to detect the process of Goethe's self-criticism. Here, at any rate, is a position where ignorance of Goethe's finished masterpiece is actually an advantage.

#### THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

"The Story of the King's Highway." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

THE ancient tracks which scar the face of the earth on the higher levels being worn, not made, the history of road-making proper begins with the Roman, but life is not long enough for reading all that has been written on Roman roads; and as Saxon and Dane knew nothing of a King's Highway lazy people will hold themselves excused from troubling about brigs-bôte and will skip on to a time when men are agreed that the King's Highway is a perpetual right of passage in the Sovereign for himself and his subjects. This persistent idea of a right of passage has influenced the whole history of our road administration.

One may suppose the inhabitants of a mediæval manor had small cause for grumbling whilst the villages were self-supporting; the chief sufferers from indifferent roads were those unfortunate persons who were called upon to attend assizes, county courts and inquisitions; and it was the grievance of having to travel thirty miles through deep and dangerous roads which helped Bristol to its dignity of a county. As a rule bad roads seem to have raised no complaint. Leland gives much information about bridges, their builders, and the methods adopted in different places for keeping them in repair; on the character of the roads traversed he is curiously silent. That he should have thought the "Strete fayre paved from Lymme to Cantorbury" demanded a special notice is somewhat remarkable, for less than twenty years afterwards the important Act was passed which formed for three hundred years the basis of organisation for road maintenance. A "blessed besines is brigges to make" and another "blessed besines" was the repair of roads—the modern ratepayer has substituted a less attractive adjective—consequently in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries bequests for the reparation of roads were numerous, and the inclusion of the repair of bridges and highways amongst charitable objects in the well-known statute of 43 Elizabeth recalls days when journeying meant jeopardy and the faithful prayed for safe voyage in the "praty fayre chapples" on the old bridges. With the growth of industry and markets the "good" passage vested in our Lord the King must have been harder than ever to discover, and, if the sixteenth-century records of Court Leet of Southampton are to be trusted, the desecration of the chapels could with advantage have been postponed. After dodging picnicking "pyggys" and running the gauntlet of clothes hung to dry by "sycke and pocky" people, the traveller might find himself brought up outside this leading thoroughfare to the Continent by holes so great "that divers cattal hath byn leek to be kyllid by raison thereof". On reading down the list of "fowle and beastlie enormities" perpetrated in the streets of Southampton, the attempt made by James of blessed memory to stay the growth of London by proclamation appears highly meritorious.

King Charles, who probably could have told us more about cross-country travelling than most men of his time, found on his return home that wheeled traffic had grown in his absence. Private coaches were already on the roads, and Pepys noticed "a great stop of coaches in King Street" on 27 November 1660. Five years later the same gentleman is testing the merits of a coach "the whole body of which lies upon one long spring", and about twelve months afterwards there is a reference in his diary to "hackney coaches now standing in Aldgate". Of course

London set a pace impossible elsewhere; even in 1822 Taunton considered itself well accommodated because eleven sedan-chairs could be hired in the town.

An old pamphlet shows that the question of suppressing stage-coaches was before his Majesty in Council in 1673, and the writer of it urges a return to travelling on horseback since "coaches and caravans hinder the consumption of provisions for man and beast", incidentally bring down rents and impoverish inn-holders; it says nothing about wear and tear of the roads, and the author of it possibly belonged to the large class which believed bad roads made good business. Then as now conflicting interests prevented road reform; country towns reaped advantage from quagmires which set the gentry migrating towards the local centres before winter set in. If anyone is anxious to learn what a "truckamuck" was, or how people got about before MacAdam was born, an amusing sketch of Baring-Gould's in "Old Country Life" will give him all he wants.

By slow degrees wheeled vehicles ousted the pack-horse, the post-horse and galloping fish-carrier, and long before the mail-coach reached its zenith cattle, sheep, pigs, turkeys, and geese had given up ganging on foot to become carriage-folk. As a result of the altered state of affairs, bars appeared across the main roads, and the rapid multiplication of such obstacles was now and then and here and there thought good ground for a display of disapproval. Contemporary evidence leaves no doubt that the majority of main roads benefited greatly from this new interference with the liberty of the subject, and during the piping days of the pikes, instead of breaking their passengers' bones, coaches took to breaking the records.

Alas! like Kipling's "Birken'ead" jollies, the Turnpike Trusts found that "their work it was done when it 'adn't begun", and the tale of their long-protracted agony is pathetic. As everybody knows, the railways proved their ruin. Thirty stage-coaches once rattled daily through little Bagshot, famous in the annals of gentlemen of the road—guards, coachmen, horse-keepers, all vanish completely at the first snort of the steam-horse feeling his way along the newly opened South-Western Railway. Mr. and Mrs. Webb have taken for their starting-point a time earlier than the date where lawyers call a halt. Taking a rapid glance at Briton, Roman, and Saxon, we plunge into mediæval apologies for roads, follow the trail of the pack-horse, and drop a tear over the passing of that patient brute; we dry the eye to get a look at the mail-coach hurrying towards Holyhead, its human freight invoking blessings on Sir Henry Parnell, and whilst stopping to marvel at the herculean labours of Telford and MacAdam, and moralise over the rise and decline of Turnpike Trusts, find ourselves startled out of reverie by the hoot of the motor, and tumble unceremoniously up against—the Road Board! Remembering that a discredited old friend called Adam Smith told us something about good roads requiring "very different degrees of expence in the different periods of society", we leave it to him to fight out the thorny questions raised in the last chapter of a constitutional history of English highways which embraces the whole subject of road administration.

#### A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

"Mémoires du Comte Roger de Damas." Publiés et annotés par Jacques Rambaud, avec une introduction par Léonce Pingaud. Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50c.

"Memoirs of the Comte Roger de Damas (1787-1806)." Edited and Annotated by Jacques Rambaud. Translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. London: Chapman and Hall. 1913. 15s. net.

THE forces which produce a revolution cause many other phenomena besides the revolution. Effective men spring up and come to the front and also, invariably, a fine crop of ineffective men, men who cannot command though in subordinate positions they

may and do achieve. But surely the strangest thing in the world is the number of advisers on the losing side whose counsel is sought and never followed and advisers whose counsel is not asked, though they go to their graves convinced that if it had been things would have turned out differently. Of the first species, the most notable example is Mallet du Pan. He was constantly appealed to, but all his wisdom was wasted—no one ever acted upon it. Roger de Damas belongs to the second species, and he was at the same time a brilliant lieutenant in war and an unsuccessful captain. A marked contrast to Mallet du Pan in character, he shared with him the bitter grief of seeing the revolutionists triumph and the Royalist party broken; in contrast to Mallet du Pan, though he wrote much and expressed himself frankly he never intended his writings to be published. However, they have been published. M. Rambaud is well enough known as an authority on the period; and students will find the notes a mine of interesting though not specially useful information. That they are not specially useful is part of their charm; as Oscar Wilde remarked, there is a great dearth to-day of useless information. The translation is more than adequate. Very idiomatic French is done into idiomatic English, and the spirit and character of the original are preserved.

He belonged to the old régime. His family had been settled for a long period in Burgundy and were devoted to the Royal family. Roger was intended for the army, was known at Court, studied military matters in Germany, and was a friend of princes and the Prussian king. He returned to France and found no work to do. Soldiering was a passion with him to the exclusion of all other interests. The political ferment of the time was of account in his eyes; the assemblies of notables merely worried him; he saw no use in talking—he wanted to *do*, no matter in what cause. How in face of his own description of his feelings and thoughts at this time, not to mention his deeds, he could afterwards persuade himself that he foresaw the revolution is a puzzle. Fretting over the dullness of his existence he chanced to set eyes on a paper which told of the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Turkey; and in two minutes his resolution was taken: he would offer himself to the Russian army. The difficulties seemed almost insuperable, but his enthusiasm, energy and resource were unbounded. He borrowed enough money for his needs, and as he knew his family would object to the step he was taking, he went off without warning them. The journey to "Tartary" was a terrible one; but he called on Royal friends in Berlin and secured passports and introductions; through storm and snow he made his way to Warsaw; and then, to quote his own words:

"... it was during this last stage of my long journey that my patience was tried the most. The roads were shocking, the horses were screws, the postillions were Jews, Prince Henry's meat lozenges were my only food; my carriage, a sorry thing at best, was perpetually breaking or upsetting in the snow-filled ditches; the nights were long and bitterly cold; shelters were rare and always disgusting. In short, during the twelve days of my journey to that mountain of Tartary Nogals, which I desired to reach at any cost, I met with all the inconveniences usually experienced on the most laborious travels; but my goal was too constantly before my mind to leave room for any other thought, and the moment that I set eyes on the first hovel of that pitiable town, Elizabeth-Gorod, is the last moment I am ever likely to forget."

His account of camp-life here is amusing. The Commander-in-Chief, as we should say, was Prince Potemkine, a semi-barbarian with luxurious tastes. He had half-a-dozen nieces with him and an orchestra under the direction of Sarti, Cherubini's teacher; whatever the common soldiers suffered from cold, hunger and exposure, in the pavilion of the chief officers everything was done on a grand scale; gorgeous dinners were followed by evenings devoted

to wine, cards, dicing and the rest. It is a comical illustration of the leisurely methods of those days that before taking the field against the Turks Potemkine had to send a courier to Paris for a few odds and ends he deemed essential to his comfort. Roger speedily got a commission, and in a little time more won a reputation for himself on land and sea. He served under one general, Souvarow, who invited him to dinner "at 6 o'clock". Promptly at that hour, P.M., Roger appeared, to learn that 6 in the morning was meant. Souvarow set him to attack the enemy; he failed and reported his failure. The general replied that he knew the task was impossible, but he wanted the soldiers to get accustomed to flying bullets.

After he quitted the Russian service, Damas was dogged by ill-success. The revolution had broken out and he was anxious to support the Royal cause. But just as everyone admitted the wisdom of Mallet du Pan and took no advantage of it, so Roger's brilliancy and bravery were admired by all, but no use was made of him. In these memoirs he has left many bitter remarks about the Royalists—for example, "since a general and rather incomprehensible movement was sweeping out of the country the whole of the class whose fidelity, perseverance and time-honoured influence might have served the monarchy, and more especially the King, within its boundaries", he preferred himself to remain in exile. We must remember that he was exiled, not an émigré. His efforts to raise a Royalist army to invade France—with the aid of other Powers—were not merely futile; they certainly helped to drive a terrified people into a state of panic. No wonder the émigrés, flying for their lives, cursed him; they realised what he did not realise, that a people like a person may be the victim of homicidal mania and it is well to be out of the way. This period past, Damas procured service with the Neapolitan Government and experienced nothing but failure. Here are specimen quotations from his biography:

"... all he could achieve was to save his troops."

"This expedition, like the rest, was brought to a close almost as soon as it began, with a well-conducted retreat."

"As the author [Damas] belonged to the vanquished side he loves to make it plain that he foresaw defeat, and that if his advice had been followed, his party would have been victorious or would at least have resisted the enemy."

In fact, courageous, dashing, as Roger de Damas was, he could not organise; he could lead a few men to victory, he could not plan an expedition on a big scale. The resemblance as well as the contrast between him and Mallet du Pan is startling at times. The memoirs are admirably written, and to-day his malice merely adds a touch of spice. They must not be taken as history. Such a stroke as this, [Prince Nassau-Siegen] "was highly skilled in the art of calling attention to himself", does no one any harm; and in such strokes these pages abound.

#### SENTIMENT IN SLABS.

"Stella Maris." By William J. Locke. London: Lane. 1913. 6s.

MANY people who have travelled by sea must know the sensation of pale triumph that is the first sign of returning vigour when they feel terra firma under their feet and turn to look back at the sea. Such a sensation of continuous nausea endured and finally repressed is ours as we conclude Mr. Locke's new book. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Locke, fresh from a new conquest in "Aristide Pujol", must have run over the types of stories of popular sentiment and determined to revive and bring up to date the style in which Florence Montgomery turned out "Misunderstood". The necessary ingredients being childhood and pathos, the most obvious figure is a dying innocent. Happy thought!

let us have one who is innocent indeed, but does not die; let us make the innocent an invalid. Happier thought—let us make the invalid recover. Happiest thought—let us make the innocent lose its innocence. So far, so good; but how can this be achieved within the limits of niceness demanded by suburban drawing-room tables?

The problem is nothing to the cunning of Mr. Locke. He creates a girl (the public likes bedridden girls); he makes her an invalid (so that she can have a marvellous recovery, while strong men wring the doctor's hand); he makes her rich and beautiful and sweet, and gives her the usual large, faithful and intelligent dog. He invents a name for her, in the manner of Mr. Locke, with a flavour of sentiment, poetry and classicism perfuming it. In other words, Stella Maris (as she is called in the title) or Stellamaris (as it is printed in the text) is the darling child and queen of her circle, and holds her court lying flat on a bed by a window in a house on a cliff above the sea. Gulls are always wheeling before her eyes. She has a haunting face, and her dark hair encircles it on the pillow like a nimbus. The chief courtiers are the Great High Belovedest and the Great High Favourite, who in the world are but a journalist and an actor. Mr. Locke probably chose men of these professions to act as the preservers of Stella Maris' bolstered innocence because actors and journalists are notoriously disillusioned men of the world; many readers hail this as a specimen of Mr. Locke's humour. Now it is obvious that at the end of the book one of these two must marry Stella Maris, and on the way thither her beautiful theories of the world must be tarnished. Therefore the journalist, John Risca, must have a past. His past is a wife who has been imprisoned for cruelty to a servant-girl. From these premises the plot fits in piece by piece as neatly as a jig-saw puzzle, and provides just as much intellectual entertainment. The cruel and vulgar wife is let out of prison, spies on her husband, who has taken the maltreated servant-girl under his care, tries to stab the girl with a hat-pin, gets hold of Stella Maris, who has now recovered enough to go walks alone, and poisons her pure bright mind with the suggestion that John Risca is interested in Unity the servant-girl otherwise than charitably. Unity removes both herself and the cruel wife with a revolver, leaving the field clear for a magnificently sickly scene between John and his friend the actor and Stella Maris, in which John (it is a strong silent name, John) renounces, and the actor quotes his finest parts—presumably out of Pinero—and Stella Maris' spurned sex winces at the one and thrills at the other.

Some people like sentiment laid on with a trowel. We can endure a good deal of it when there is a saving grace, such as humour, in the author. Mr. Barrie knows how to lay it on pretty thickly in the "little mother" line, or with "Home Sweet Home" played on the nursery piano; but he seasons it equally thickly with laughter. And at this point an awful thought strikes us, that perhaps Mr. Locke has his tongue in his cheek! Perhaps he is seeing how much we will stand; perhaps he is writing "sarkastic". But no, we are not as innocent as Stella Maris; the bony death's-head of sentiment glares at us through the envelope of Mr. Locke's cosmetic-laden style too clearly for any self-deception. It will be very interesting to see whether this book is as successful as the author's previous works—in England, we mean; it will doubtless do for America.

#### THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

"Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813." By F. Loraine Petre. London: Lane. 12s. 6d.

MR. PETRE appears to have an inexhaustible industry. In the last few years he has written three volumes on Napoleon's campaigns, and has now once more placed students of military history under a debt of gratitude by the publication of this book.

Not only has he supplied them with a great deal of information, but he has been careful to furnish them with notes which will always enable them personally to consult the sources from which it has been derived. It is in this way that history should be written, though unfortunately much of our military literature is not compiled in accordance with the good rule. There is no attempt at fine writing, but we find evidence of conscientious research, and an effort to arrive at accuracy which is worth far more than rhetorical display. In one respect, however, and that an important one, Mr. Petre falls lamentably short of the high standard to which the greater part of his work attains. The maps and plans are utterly out of keeping with the rest of the work. We wish we could be less blunt, but candour compels us to speak plainly, and moreover we do so in the interests of the author himself, for in a subsequent edition it would be easy to remedy the defect. To read military history without clear and well-drawn maps is as hopeless as to try to study machinery without diagrams. Here at every turn we have to stop and try to find some place on an ill-drawn, confused sketch, which perhaps does not contain it at all, and in any case does not usually supply it without considerable difficulty. In fact Mr. Petre violates the elementary rules of military topography in almost every map. Surely it is universally understood that reference should never be made in the text to a place which does not appear on the corresponding plan? The direction from and to which roads lead should invariably be shown. A north point should always be placed on the sketch, and the same spelling of place names should be followed both in the text and on the map. Finally in a work such as this a large strategical map should be supplied showing the entire theatre of war, as well as that of operations. To append inadequate maps and plans to a narrative which is in other respects admirable is indeed to spoil the ship for the sake of a "ha'porth of tar", more especially in this case where "time and space" were of the utmost importance. For here we see the great man in adversity, and there are no more valuable lessons than those that can be learnt from disaster, especially when the disaster overtakes a man of Napoleon's calibre. The progress of events is dramatic. We see him at his very best when immediately on his return to Paris from the ill-fated Russian expedition he sets to work to create a new army. The loss of an army of half a million men seems only to put him on his mettle to produce another. In due course that other does appear, and the genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuously displayed than in that feat. In February 1813 the army of 1812 had ceased to exist; in August of the same year the Emperor again faced the Allies at the head of a field army of 450,000 men! The chapter entitled "The New Grand Army of 1813" tells how that tremendous task was carried through. But brilliant as was this achievement, the defects of Napoleon's system and the development of serious faults in his own military character soon show themselves during the campaign we are reviewing. His system of supply, never sound, failed, as it inevitably must have failed, under the strain of the scale of application and the prolongation of the struggle. The weakness of a "one-man system" made itself felt very quickly too. Napoleon had always thought of everything; therefore his subordinates never troubled to think for themselves, and, however good their will, could not help him when he called upon them. While they might be trusted to carry out his conceptions, they had not been encouraged to take responsibility, and when it was thrust upon them, as could not be otherwise when war assumed the proportions it did in 1813, they were unequal to the burden. Marmont was justified when he said of his master's plan that he feared when he had gained a decisive battle he would find that in reality he had lost two. Ney was smashed at Dennewitz, Macdonald on the Ratzbach, Oudinot at Gross Beeren, Vandamme at Kulm, and Napoleon's success at Dresden was lost in the catastrophes that fell on his subordinates. But the master was not at his best

in the field. It is but too evident that the Emperor had at last dominated the general. When strategy counselled the abandonment of territory pride of possession overpowered good sense. Thus the greatest soldier of the age was brought to break not only the laws of his profession, but his own maxims, and he paid the penalty, as he had prophesied everyone acting similarly must. It is an instructive tale, full of human nature, and not without a pathos of its own. Especially so are the passages where, as in the interview with S. Cyr early in May at Dresden, Napoleon is himself made to tell it and give his reasons for departing from his ordinary practice. His fundamental error in consenting to an armistice after Bautzen is also well brought out, while the chapter which follows and deals with the preparations and plans formed during the interval of rest will well repay study.

#### THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

In these days of rapid change on the international chess-board, reviews produced as the quarterlies necessarily are labour under difficulties in dealing with topical affairs. Their limitations are illustrated in articles on the Near East. The "Quarterly" talks of the status quo, whatever that may be, and the "Edinburgh" finds it improbable that there will be further armed conflict as the result of the Balkan war. With the fate of Scutari in the balance, both articles leave the impression that the circumstances in which they were written were not the circumstances in which they will be read. Yet both contain valuable matter which may be studied with advantage whatever the outcome of the Austro-Montenegrin trouble. They are agreed that as peace is recognised as the great desideratum from the point of view of British policy, there should be no entangling alliances or understandings which might involve Great Britain in a conflict to which she would rather not be a party. The correctness of Russian diplomacy over Scutari is one of the hopeful signs, but Russia, Austria, and Great Britain, to say nothing of the Balkan States, have interests to safeguard and promote which diplomacy may find it impossible to handle successfully. The "Edinburgh" fears that whatever settlement of the Albanian question may be arrived at, it may guarantee peace and finality no more than did the Macedonian provisions of the Treaty of Berlin. Albania, "the last uncivilised country in Europe", has been hardly explored, is imperfectly surveyed, and may present problems in the future for which Europe is unprepared. The struggle between Slav and Teuton is suspended, not concluded, says the "Edinburgh", and Europe is only gathering up in the twentieth century the loose ends of the eighteenth and nineteenth. Before stability is reached there may have to be further appeals to the huge forces which are

(Continued on page 560.)

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Two Scholarships in Fine Art, each of the annual value of £30, will be offered for competition in June, 1913. The Scholarships are open to men and women, and are tenable at the College for one year with possible extension for a second year. Entries must be sent in by June 18, 1913.

An Examination for two Scholarships in Music, each of the value of about £26 per annum, tenable at the College for one, two, or three years, will be held at the College on July 17, 1913. The Scholarships are open to men and women. Candidates must offer Singing, Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, or Organ as a principal subject. Entries must be sent in by July 6, 1913.

Further particulars of the above and of other Scholarships and Exhibitions, and prospectuses of the College, may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Reading.

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## CHEL TENHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Examination June 3rd, 4th, and 5th. At least Nine Entrance Scholarships, value £80 to £20, and some House Exhibitions will be offered to Candidates who are not already in the College, whether Senior or Junior Department, including James of Hereford Scholarship, value £35 per annum, with preference for boys born, educated, or residing in Herefordshire. Also open to all, Three Army Scholarships, Two Old Cheltonian Scholarships.

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ranged and manœuvred against each other even in times of peace. "Armed diplomacy is more tolerable than armed action", but how long will "armed diplomacy" suffice? For the moment, suggests the "Quarterly", the national ambition of Russia has got the better of the racial affinity of the Slav, but the racial struggle must dominate Europe, "giving point and coherence to the military efforts of the Central European States. Compared with the trial of strength in which the struggle of Slav and Teuton may reach its climax, the rivalry between Germany and France is but as the quarrel of children." Whilst the "Quarterly" is convinced that British diplomacy must seek to "preserve things as they are", it insists that nothing should be left to chance. It foreshadows the time when a railway will connect Calcutta and Delhi with Jerusalem and El-Arish, running through territory British from terminus to terminus. The incorporation of the Arabian peninsula by Great Britain, says the "Quarterly", would have a subversive effect on the residue of the Ottoman Empire, from which it is already semi-detached. "None the less, it might work mischief as a precedent, and serve as a welcome pretext for raising the dangerous question of compensation all round." To indicate such a project is to show how "the old Eastern problems which Europe has to tackle are entirely overshadowed by the new ones" which the dismemberment of Turkey has opened up.

The "profoundly unsatisfactory plight" to which our Constitutional machinery has been reduced by the Parliament Act is discussed in a none too vigorous article in the "Quarterly." The writer demands the repeal of the Act as a preliminary to Constitutional reconstruction. "There can be no tolerable basis for the relations between the two Chambers and no decent order of business in the House of Commons while that Constitutional monstrosity remains in force. There is no conceivable scheme of reform into which it can be made to fit, no conceivable set of circumstances in which its retention, even in a modified form, would be of any real advantage." As to what sort of Second Chamber we should have, or shall ultimately succeed in getting, the "Quarterly" does not seem very clear. Its programme "in the way of a deliberate remodelling of our Constitutional machinery" includes the reconstitution of the House of Lords, the introduction of the Referendum under strictly limited conditions, and the application of proportional Representation to Parliamentary elections. Mr. Harold Cox, writing on the demand for compulsion in the "Edinburgh", proves himself a true Cobdenite, even in the matter of defence. He makes much of certain discrepancies in criticisms of the territorial system and in the arguments for national service, and treats the idea of soldiers being called upon to lend a hand at the defence of British shores as little better than ridiculous. We must, he says, "put on one side all this talk of a Home Defence Army. If ever England begins to trust to land forces to defend these islands from invasion, her doom is sealed." On the Navy, like Cobden, he would cheerfully spend even £100,000,000. How he would man fleets costing so much he does not tell us. A second article in the "Edinburgh" deals with the naval problem from the point of view of ships, their relative classes, and their armour. The writer endorses the view of Sir Reginald Custance that ships of moderate size, of moderate armour and carrying the much greater number of guns which moderate armour permits will give the best result for any given outlay of money. "It is a recurrence to the time-honoured maxim that numbers only—ships and guns—can annihilate." The "Quarterly" has an excellent article on the battleship and its satellites, forcibly urging that the offensive is the best means of defence. "It is the fascination of the defence which is the ruin of navies." The "Quarterly", like the "Edinburgh", draws attention to the views of Sir Reginald Custance. The reviewer believes in guns rather than armament. "There is but one lesson from Sinope to Tsushima, and that is to overwhelm the enemy's weapons by a superior fire of your own." All experts do not seem to realise that "the best armour is to put out of action the enemy's hitting power". The "Quarterly" has a quite remarkable number of attractive general articles from appreciations of Andrew Lang by various hands to Madame du Deffand and Horace Walpole. In the "Edinburgh" Mr. Edmund Gosse finds material for an interesting essay on the writings of Lord Redesdale, and an anonymous writer discusses Greek genius and Greek democracy.

The "National Review" this month is a pamphlet on the Marconi evidence. Mr. Maxse excuses his interim unofficial report by pointing out that from first stage to last the Marconi question, technically sub judice, has been the centre of comment and discussion. People, says Mr. Maxse, who at

this stage abstain on the sub judice pretence are "mugwumps". Why should we wait for the considered judgment of Mr. Handel Booth? "We may never have the considered judgment of Mr. Handel Booth, but meanwhile we have the unconsidered judgment of the entire Handel Booth Press, from the Jesuitical 'Westminster Gazette' to the blatant 'Reynolds' Newspaper.'" Accordingly, Mr. Maxse tells the story frankly from his own point of view, with slabs of evidence. The volume—for it is no less—certainly shows energy, conviction, and sedulous endeavour to come at the truth. Mr. Maxse is still investigating. Every point in this affair, he tells us, is worth investigation. His attitude on the delicate big question of personal honour is quite plainly expressed in a speech which, says Mr. Maxse, Sir Rufus Isaacs ought to have made to the Committee. Sir Rufus Isaacs, he says, should have frankly declared: "Of course, I recognise, considering my position as Attorney-General, before the negotiations for this contract were completed that I should at all costs have kept clear of all Marconi companies. It was idiotic to send that congratulatory telegram to the Marconi banquet in New York, and worse to buy the American shares and recommend them to my colleagues. I must have been mad to speak as I did in the House of Commons on October 11, and I know that I ought to have insisted on appearing at the first meeting of this Committee and make a clean breast of the whole transaction. I am prepared to pay the price by retiring from the Government." Instead of this, says Mr. Maxse, Sir Rufus "struggled from one impossible position to another". Mr. Maxse has every right to expand over this Marconi business. It is his affair; and it is not surprising to find the "National" is, quite literally, full of it.

We have received the May issue of "Wild Life", Mr. Douglas English's illustrated monthly. The great feature of this issue is the long account of the young cuckoo illustrated by a series of really wonderful photographs. "Wild Life" is incomparably the best of all the illustrated magazines or papers devoted to outdoor life. It is beautifully produced by the Wild Life Publishing Company at 2s. 6d.

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All friends are earnestly asked to make a point of being present on at least one of these occasions, more if possible.

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I now have pleasure in moving: "That the report and accounts be approved and adopted, also that there be declared a dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and dividend on the Management shares, both less income tax, the warrants to be issued on the 5th May, 1913."

Lord Pirrie: I have much pleasure in seconding the resolution. The resolution was carried unanimously.

The Chairman proposed that £10,000 out of the profits for the year be allocated for the purpose of starting a Superannuation and Benevolent Fund, and the resolution was carried unanimously.

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The Chairman said: The first annual meeting of a new banking company does not, as a rule, require from the Chairman a long address, and as the first report we have the honour to submit to you is satisfactory, the occasion offers no excuse for making any exception to this rule. I shall, I think, best consult both your convenience and your interest if I confine my remarks to a short statement. At the first or statutory meeting of the Company, on 26 March last year, I expressed the hope that the establishment of this bank might be the means of bringing additional business to the City of London, by stimulating trade between England and the Northern countries to our mutual and reciprocal benefit, and while specially referring to the Northern countries of Europe, I was careful not to omit to include Canada. I believe you will agree that the hope to which I gave expression has been realised even beyond our anticipation, and it is with great pleasure that I am able to state that our bank has been well received, not only in the Northern countries of Europe, but in the United Kingdom and elsewhere. There has been no attempt or desire on the part of the bank to take away business from any existing institutions, and we are fortunate in the many practical evidences of goodwill and friendly feelings we have received from all sides. After making full provision for doubtful and bad debts and contingencies, paying the preliminary expenses incidental to the registration and formation of the Company, the cost of bank furniture, income tax, and all charges, we are able to recommend a dividend, free of income tax, at the rate of 3s. per share, equal to 6 per cent., upon the paid-up capital, and we carry forward to the current year £26140 2s. 8d. I may be excused if I point out that the profits available for distribution would have been £2720 larger had we not adopted the conservative policy of writing off in our first year the whole of the preliminary expenses and the cost of bank furniture. Turning for a moment to the figures shown in the balance sheet, you will notice that current deposit and other accounts amount to £728,618 1s. 6d., and that our acceptances have amounted to £637,817 0s. 8d. On the assets side we have cash in hand and at bankers in London and abroad, and money at call and at short notice, £765,159 10s. 5d. The Bank's business, I am glad to tell you, is steadily and satisfactorily expanding, and, in order to meet this expansion, your directors have decided that the issued capital be increased from 110,007 shares to 150,000 shares by the offer to the present shareholders of 39,993 new shares. These shares will be offered to shareholders in proportion to their respective holdings and at the same price as the shares already allotted—viz. £15 for each £10 share. The subscribed capital of the Company will then be 150,000 shares of £10 each, issued at £15 per share—viz. £2,250,000. Of this sum, £750,000 will have been paid up, being £2 10s. on premium account and £2 10s. on capital account. Thus we shall be in the strong position of having an uncalled reserve of £1,500,000, of which £375,000 will represent uncalled premium and £1,125,000 uncalled share capital. I do not like to close this short statement without conveying to the manager and sub-manager and officials, and all the staff, an expression of the board's appreciation of the way in which they have endeavoured to safeguard and to promote the interests of the bank. I will now formally move the first resolution: "That the report of the directors and audited statement of accounts to March 31st, 1913, already printed and circulated amongst the shareholders, and as presented to this meeting, be received, adopted and entered upon the minutes."

Mr. K. A. Wallenberg, the Vice-Chairman of the Company, seconded the resolution, and there being no questions or observations from shareholders, it was carried unanimously.

The Chairman then moved: "That a dividend at the rate of 3s. per share, equal to 6 per cent. for the period commencing from the incorporation of the Company and ending March 31st, 1913, free of income tax, be declared on the capital paid up on the 110,007 shares issued, and that such dividend be made payable on and after the 29th day of April, 1913."

Mr. N. Kielland-Torkildsen seconded the motion, and it was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Richard Winch (one of the trustees and managers of the Stock Exchange) proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors, and staff.

A Shareholder seconded the resolution, which was unanimously adopted. The Chairman replied, and the proceedings terminated.

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